

Chapel Talks

JOHN E. CALFEE

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CHAPEL TALKS

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By

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Introduction by

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*To
my wife and children,
Cleland Ballantyne, John Douglas and Margaret
Elizabeth; to all my faculty associates and
students in the Asheville Normal and
Associated Schools whose love and
encouragement entered into the
messages of this book.*

INTRODUCTION

THE so-called "Youth Movement" is very much in our minds today. It is not peculiar to America, but is world-wide. That it is creating serious problems in all lands, as well as our own, no one with his eyes in front of his head can fail to see. In not a few of its phases it is running to extremes and is guilty of excesses that cannot be condoned. It is part of the aftermath of the war. So tremendous an emotional upheaval as that which took place from 1914 to 1918 could not fail to break many vital human moorings.

But he is a poor observer who would set this "Youth Movement" down as all bad and condemn it wholesale. It constitutes a problem, without doubt, but by no means an insoluble one. The strong tinge of radicalism that runs through it, its resentment against present conditions, and its defiance of past moral restraints, cannot be remedied by the bitter and pessimistic denunciation so prevalent in certain circles today. The call is not for this, but for constructive and sympathetic guidance. It is to religion and education we must look for this guidance. The Church and the college, if they will join hands, can guide these flaming youth of our generation into the new future without losing any of the precious heritage of the past. Neither can do it without the other, but they can do it together.

Herein lies the value of this collection of "Chapel Talks" of President Calfee of the Ashe-

ville Normal, an outstanding educator and an equally outstanding Christian leader. These "Talks" deal with the homely, inescapable virtues and verities that must undergird the life that is going to weather triumphantly the uncertainties and confusions of the transition through which we are now passing. In a very striking and vivid way he puts his finger on the qualities of mind and heart that cannot be discarded or discounted in any day, past, present or future. They are always applicable and necessary because they are forever true. These "Talks" are not sermons, much less are they speculative homilies on remote abstractions; they are straightforward, hard-hitting discussions of subjects that all youth face every day.

Dr. Calfee's long experience as an educator and practical man of affairs, as every college president must be, uniquely fits him to speak to the young men and women of our troubled era. All his life he has dealt with and lived with youth. He knows them and loves them. One can easily discern the fact, as he reads, that despite his extended experience and ripened judgment his spirit is still the spirit of youth. He not only has ideas that youth need, but possesses the art of stating them so as to make them strike home. His talent for phrasing his subjects so as to arrest attention is worth a fortune to the man who undertakes speech with an American student audience. Young America needs this book and will be immensely helped by reading it.

JOHN A. MARQUIS.

New York City.

CONTENTS

I.	SPIRITUAL FORCES	11
II.	HOUSES TELL TALES	16
III.	POSITION OR DISPOSITION	21
IV.	STOP QUITTING	24
V.	AFRAID OF MYSELF	26
VI.	KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL	31
VII.	RIGHT THERE	35
VIII.	AFTER YOU	40
IX.	FOOLING OURSELVES	42
X.	COME OUT OF THE CROWD	53
XI.	FIGHT SOMETHING	57
XII.	GOD AND YOU	61
XIII.	YOU, OR THE OTHER FELLOW	65
XIV.	WANT	69
XV.	BIG I AND LITTLE YOU	72
XVI.	YOU CAN'T MAKE ME	76
XVII.	REMEMBER ME	81
XVIII.	"No"	85
XIX.	DIG A WELL	89
XX.	DO IT YOURSELF	91
XXI.	CATCH THE SPIRIT	95
XXII.	THE BEGINNING OF KNOWLEDGE	100
XXIII.	WHAT MEAN THESE STONES?	109
XXIV.	WATCH YOUR FRIENDS	113
XXV.	WORK	117
XXVI.	SO-AND-SO	121
XXVII.	TELL ME	125

I

SPIRITUAL FORCES

WE treat spiritual matters more or less indifferently. We recognize them of great value in times of sorrow and heavy disappointments. We treat them as beneficent emergency forces. We have a feeling that they belong in the realm of the mystical.

We lose sight of the fact that the existence of spiritual power is as evident as the air we breathe. It is a divine force direct from God, but, like its Creator, transcends the power of the mind of man to comprehend and measure it.

A millimeter of radium scarcely as large as the smallest pinhead, sealed in a glass tube, encased in a steel-jacket, will, if held in the hand for a few minutes, produce a burn that it will take weeks to heal. I know this to be true, for I have had some personal experience. The burn will be produced without pain, noise, or any evidence whatever that energy is being transmitted.

This element of power remained unknown to man up to within a century ago. Yet this simple substance is so powerful that it must be encased in lead to be handled with safety. Most of us resemble lead in the matter of spiritual power. We deaden the activity of the spirit by holding in

captivity its great potential power. This we do through the failure to exercise faith.

Radium is so quiet and so completely invisible in the transmission of its force that we remain in dense ignorance of its power during the time of its action. We are so accustomed to associating noise with working machinery that we fail to realize the marvelous active realities of noiseless energy.

Our historians tell us that the accidental discovery of gravitation by Newton displeased many good people of his day. His discovery transferred from the realm of mystery and magic a universal force which led to a rational understanding of a universal force. Its laws have been chartered, but like spiritual forces its source is unknown beyond that of its coming from an all-wise and powerful God who rules in an orderly manner a limitless universe.

Little is known of the spiritual power of man. That it exists is the most significant fact known about it. The same is true in a smaller way of the X-ray, the wireless, and the infinitesimal division and subdivision of the atoms. Physical force acts upon things; spiritual force acts upon spirit. It may be that in the course of time these two separate forces, as we think of them, may be traced back to a single source. One phase we may see acting upon physical objects; the other, upon the invisible thought and spirit of man.

We are learning more than ever that all great forces are silent, invisible, indestructible, and eternal. They exist for us beyond the confines of mere

animal existence. We use them to the extent that we are intelligent. Radium in the hands of the skilled physician works miracles in destroying cancerous tissues and restoring the sick to health; when sealed in lead or stored away in secret places in the earth it is powerless and useless. Spiritual forces act upon the spirit of man under proper conditions. Some of these are known and scientifically used. Perhaps the bulk has not yet been discovered. This discovery and use is a challenge to educators and scientists. The invisible realms of force await their discoverers.

Jesus told the disciples that "The kingdom of heaven is within you." It is evident that the Master was not talking about the kind of heaven that most of us believe in. His heaven belonged on the inside of man. It stands to reason that he was talking about invisible spiritual power that takes shape in the spirit of joy, happiness, contentment, and the sense of being a part of a great eternal force. This speck of spiritual force, like radium, is invisible. If the earth should vanish in a mist or evaporate into nothing, assuming for the imagination that such a thing could be possible, it would not mean the destruction of gravitation. It could mean no more than a suspension of its force on a visible planet. Love is as mysterious as gravitation; faith is as eternal. Neither can be annihilated. Each may be un-used or mis-used.

"As a man thinketh, so he is." These are the words of the Master. Jesus is again dealing with the spirit of man in the flesh of his body. He

again places heaven in the spirit of man. He is making an effort to stop our wasting our energy trying to visualize the invisible by a conception called heaven. He places emphasis upon creating a heavenly state by getting in tune with the invisible forces of an almighty, omni-present spirit. He is speaking for a God who yearns to put us in possession of His spirit of love, mercy, forbearance, and forgiveness.

Our trouble is that we want power that runs on wheels, that flashes like lightning in the sky, that we can see. We mistakenly want a hand-made heaven with streets of gold where we will spend our days in rest. If such a thing could exist it would be worse than resort hotels after a six-months' stay. We find it so much easier to evaluate with our eyes; and so we become pagans looking for material things.

What is spiritual energy? This is the question that bothers us. Love must be one of the spiritual forces. We cannot see it, we do not know its origin nor its bounds. It holds us to our friends across the seas in foreign lands, and goes beyond the boundaries of death. Faith and hope are invisible forces that connect the present with the future. Without these, man would not reach out into the unborn deep for homes, lands, honor, power, and happiness. Courage is as intangible as love itself. A man may be down and out, but a word of encouragement spoken by some one in whom he has confidence may start him on the way again. Words are more than material. They are

spiritual forces. They make an appeal through sight and sound, and vanish within a second of their birth. Yet how powerful an influence they may become! Words have cutting power; they are also instruments of healing and consolation.

Poise of soul in the form of calmness may become a superhuman influence upon those who see the tranquility of spirit of great leaders when storms threaten utter destruction. The presence of some people brings warmth, sunshine and happiness, and strength for the tasks of the day; that of others irritates, chafes, and frets us, and throws us off our balance, out of plumb for our best effort. These are evidences of the working of the invisible spiritual forces.

Our thoughts are the monarchs of our lives. We are good or bad, energetic and ambitious or slovenly and trifling, according to our thoughts. The expression of our thoughts in prayers provides invisible, tangible opportunities for communing with the Great Source of All Power. The person who exercises intelligently the power of sincere prayer alone realizes the marvelous power that can electrify and bless the soul.

We need to learn, while we are learning other things, how to make larger use of the silent, invisible forces. They are the abundant treasures of the realities of life that are sparingly used. Spiritual force rules the world. It predominates in the life of the individual for his good or hurt.

II

HOUSES TELL TALES

HOUSES tell tales; fields tell tales. Some people live under the delusion that when they are dead the only tales told about them will be the epitaphs on the tombstones. Trusting to the respect that the living have for the dead, they expect only kindly things to be said of the dead.

If you have never gone through an old cemetery studying the epitaphs of the deceased, you have missed something interesting and perhaps worthwhile. In an old cemetery in England there are some very curious epitaphs, two of which I am going to give:

*"Under the sod, beneath these trees,
Lieth the body of Solomon Pease;
Pease is not here, it is only the pod,
For Pease is shelled out, and gone up to his God."*

*"Here lieth the body of Sir John Trollope;
Many a stone he helped to roll up;
Finally Death came and took his soul up,
And now his body fills this hole up."*

I do not know how much of the life-history of these two people is contained in these bits of post-

mortem biography; but I do know that houses, as do epitaphs, tell more about their owners than many of the owners would be willing to admit.

Houses have reflected personality. They are always built by some one who has planned for his ideas of convenience, comfort, and beauty. They may provide little of any of these;—but this you would naturally expect, for some people have little artistic individuality, commonplace personality, and few ideas of utility and beauty. If you ever try to sell a house you will learn that there are no two individuals who are alike. You must match the style of house with the personal traits of the prospective buyer. This is the reason why the color of paint that pleases one is distasteful to another; why the house-plans pleasing to one person are not satisfactory to another. This human trait is so well recognized in some of our great cities that in the renting of apartments the rooms are re-decorated to suit the taste of each tenant: the freshness of the walls has little to do with the price of rental; it is assumed that the new tenant must have his own scheme of decoration.

If it happens that the house being sold was erected by some one of similar taste and social standing, and of financial circumstances corresponding to that of the purchaser, it is very likely that the house will be comparatively satisfactory to the buyer. People prefer to build their own homes, for they know better than any one else what they like best. They crave the opportunity to express inward feelings in cottages and palaces.

I once bought a small farm from a real estate agent without becoming acquainted with the owner. However, I knew what to expect when I did meet him to make out the deed. I had seen a photograph of the man that was made more than two thousand years before. The writer of the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes knew him and his kindred. It was so faithfully word-photographed that I am going to reproduce it in the exact words: "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down." "By much slothfulness the building decayeth and through idleness of the hand the house droppeth through." When I met the man I knew him by this word-picture.

The farm I bought was in weeds and briars; the hillsides were washed into a hundred gullies as if they had attempted to run away to the great ocean to escape their careless tiller; the broken-down fence told stories of neglect; the old farm house had lost much of the footing upon which it had tried to stand for years; the roof looked like a peek-a-boo waist; the porch tipped up at both ends as if it were a boat waiting to put to sea; the comb of the roof looked like the picture of a poor old darkey's sway-back horse; the old log barn reminded one of a cow at the moment when she had lowered herself to her front knees in the act of lying down for the night; the cellar was an irregular musty hole under the house; the spring was

fed from a crawfish hole in the bank of a branch; the orchard reminded one of an age-forgotten cemetery with an occasional discolored stone standing in thickets of briars and weeds. There was no evidence of anything having been started and completely finished. The setting of the farm and the location of the house were ideal from the standpoint of beauty, of landscape, and of view. It was pathetically evident that nature's choicest handiwork had fallen into the hands of a Rip Van Winkle.

This is a description of what had been the home-place to a large family of children, now out and scattered over all parts of the country. To them this had been home.

The power of slothfulness had reigned here for an uninterrupted period of years and had laid a heavy hand of destruction upon stolid buildings and land. The shiftlessness of the owner was told in everything about the place.

The desolation and destruction could not have been greater if vandals had declared war upon the buildings. Shiftlessness lays waste slowly, while fire destroys rapidly; but the ultimate results are the same. The cruelty of one is long drawn out; the devastation of the other is intense but brief.

When I met the owner of this dead property I found that there was nothing about his manner of life that I did not know before meeting him; the house had told his character so truthfully that there was nothing further to be learned by knowing its old master. The two—home-place and owner—

had grown old together in the same manner. The old homestead had grown old, shaggy and decrepit like the master. Slothfulness had laid its hand upon each, gradually but firmly. The old man was soon given a final resting-place in a neglected country churchyard among its weeds and briars; shiftlessness had consumed the shiftless.

No stone, no epitaph is needed to tell the lean life-history of the slothful. The crumbling house, the unkept premises, tell the lazy thoughts of a shiftless owner.

III

POSITION OR DISPOSITION

EVERY rationally minded person at some time or at many times in his career craves position and honor. Some are satisfied with a petty office: to be justice of the peace multiplies the self-importance of the small man to an amazing degree. Some men climb higher in office-holding circles because they love and work continually for position. A few men turn their attention to getting wealth to secure public recognition and power; other people, especially women, go in for social position. Some people are so anxious to see their pictures in a newspaper or to find some mention of their names in print, that they are willing to pay dearly for this publicity. The aims of all of these are the same—a striving for position; but the routes of travel along which they are seeking position are as diversified as they are strange.

The desire of attaining position is a natural instinct that the race could not well get along without. As we see civilization emerging from darkness, we discover that every clan had its chief; every nation, its head. A community without its influential citizens is impoverished and doomed to "Main Street" mediocrity in all that

goes toward the making of a good village or neighborhood. The simplest games cannot be played without some one assuming the position of leader or captain.

Position and high regard for position are at the foundation of personal ambition and of organized society. This craving for a position of honor is a legitimate force when properly used. When abused, it becomes very dangerous and may lead to much harm. We are familiar with the Bible story of two brothers who went to the Master with the request that He reserve for them, when He ascended to His seat in glory, the honor positions at His right and left. They asked for these for themselves. They preferred places of honor to everything else. Their thoughts were for themselves. They were willing to take every advantage that would place them ahead. They over-valued position to the extent that they were about to miss the great mission of their Master, who was giving His life to them that they might have greater truth and more abundant life. In all of their years of close association with Jesus, they were more intent upon honor from Him than upon the great truths that He had in mind when serving and teaching them. Jesus rebuked their cupidity and their greed for position by telling them that he came to serve and not to be ministered unto. He attempted to teach these disciples of His that the *disposition* to serve is of far greater value than is the occupying or attainment of *position*. The Master told these men that it was not His to give position, but

that He did want to give to them and to the world the spirit of service. He came to minister, to help, and to lighten the burdens of the over-burdened. In His own life He placed disposition above position.

Disposition is one's outlook on life, the way one feels toward his friends, associates, and the world at large. It is the manner of his personal reaction. Disposition cannot be handed ready-made to any one; it is a product of right thinking and acting. It is an inside force that works from within.

Position is something that should be bestowed upon one, rather than something that is sought after. It should come as a recognition of the ability of a person to deal justly and wisely with others. It should not be a self-seeking, a going after favors that cannot be granted to others. Position may be important, but it can never equal in value disposition, which is the refined spirit of man himself.

IV

STOP QUITTING

THE easiest thing in the world to do is to quit. This is the reason why so many people do it. Quitting is an adolescent trait that some folks never outgrow. When events do not turn out right or burdens become heavy, the only solution some people have for their problems is to quit and walk off, leaving their discarded load to others with more backbone and will power.

Quitting is as childish and as natural to some children as crying is when they cannot have what they want. The quitting habit in grown-ups is evidence of an undisciplined will running riot.

I once had in my class a young man who disliked geometry. He said that he did not see any sense in it, that it was too hard and required too much time for preparation for its mastery. He came to my room one day with an excuse from the college dean, which I was expected to fill out so that he could be released from the course. I wrote on the line on which a reason was to be given for discontinuing the course, this sentence, "He is a quitter." He indignantly refused the excuse; dropped out of the class for a few days; then came back to complete the course, and finally earned a grade above the average of the class. I lost trace of Ralph after his

graduation from college. Recently I spoke to the students at the Assembly Hour in Lincoln Memorial University. As I was leaving the platform I met an outstretched hand and a face wreathed in smiles. The man behind the smile met me with the greeting, "Do you remember me?" I did remember, for it was the same Ralph whom I had taught! I asked him what he was doing there. He informed me with great satisfaction that he was a teacher of mathematics and physics in the university. The undisciplined youth of a few years ago had won for himself a battle of self-control and will-to-hold-on. Ralph is typical of thousands of young persons who have conquered the temptation to quit.

I doubt if there is a sin greater among young people than that of quitting. Moses was tempted. Joshua was warned against the sin of quitting. Jonah had such a bad case of "quit" that he ran away and took passage on a ship. He preferred death to life itself, as a release from a task that he disliked.

Quitting is a subtle sin that wrecks lives and institutions. It comes in the form of a sneaking suggestion that tempts man when the way looks dark and uncertain. It is as deadly as the poison of the snake. It numbs the will, paralyzes faith, and inhibits action. Quitting one job and looking for an easier one is a sin of the prodigal youth. Changing from one subject to an easier one is the mark of a weak collegian. The habit of quitting is the brand by which every failure may be known.

V

AFRAID OF MYSELF

WHEN I say that I am afraid of myself and not of others, you may think that I am a promising candidate on the waiting list of some lunatic asylum. I want you to know that I am not a candidate for anything; that I am in my right mind and am going about my own business; and that I am enjoying my usual good health and mental happiness. I enjoy living and want to keep on enjoying it as long as I can.

I learned when a child that I was more afraid of myself than of others. I recall, as if but yesterday, the times the cows did not come up before dark, when I was sent out after them. I whistled or sang loudly all the way to the back of the pasture. The darker the night, the more noise I made. I did not whistle because I was happy; nor did I sing because I was brave. I was neither—I was just “plain afraid” of something in the dark that might catch me or run after me. What was I afraid of? It will not be necessary for me to tell you, for most of you know without being told. I had a dear old aunt who had more ghost stories than a dog has fleas. She spent one Saturday night of each month in our home, as regularly as the moon became full. Oh, but how she did enjoy

telling ghost stories—the blood-curdling kind! On winter nights we pulled down the window shades, sat around the fireplace, and heard these stories until we were so terrified that we were afraid to go to bed alone. I knew then, as I know now, that there wasn't anything in the dark to be afraid of; but nevertheless there was something inside of me that was afraid. No one had ever known of a lion having been seen in that country; even in a circus, one had not been nearer than sixty miles. I knew that there was not one-millionth of a possibility of meeting a lion while in search of the cows; yet I did want to give that imaginary lion fair warning to stay out of my way.

I now get the shivers thinking of some of those childhood experiences, buried way back deep in the calendar of time.

Was I afraid of myself? Yes, I was then. So am I now; but the wild beast has changed to other terrors. Many years stand between childhood and now. Much has happened to me, as well as to my boyhood friends, during this time.

As I see it now, those in mature life who are giving success a close chase are in great danger of a fall or of being overtaken by a lion, when they are least afraid of themselves. It is the man not dead certain of attaining his goal who works the hardest. Many football games have been lost by over-confidence. Being afraid of ourselves, of not doing our best, provides incentive and energy for extra effort.

The Bible is full of moral and business failures.

Samson was a giant, stronger than other men. For this reason he was not afraid of a moral collapse for himself. He could slay single-handed the strongest beast of the jungle, and could carry off gates that required the strength of many men to set in place. All men feared him and trembled in the presence of his displeasure. He was not afraid of anything *outside* of himself, neither was he afraid of anything *within* himself. He was a self-sufficient character. He thought that he could afford to marry a woman for her looks, and that he could be confident of having a happy home. Samson was satisfied with himself. He felt no weakness within his flesh that might cause him to fail in the presence of a crisis.

Other men have thought the same, and have had the same disastrous experience. Benedict Arnold was such a man, only in a different way. He missed, by a small margin, becoming one of the nation's patriots and heroes. Instead, he lost his honor and self-respect at the very hour when he was standing in the halo of the gratitude of his fellow countrymen for distinguished service to his country. He was not afraid of himself, of his love of wealth and of gay society. He fell from a high position of honor to a position of contempt; and he died a social outcast, scorned by his fellow countrymen and by England, which he, clandestinely, had sought to serve. It hurts to think about it, for it was all so unnecessary.

Our papers are filled with the names of moral bankrupts who had attained heights of prominence

and success. They forgot at some moment to be afraid of themselves. They lost sight of the fact that they, like other men, were capable of falling before the temptation of greed, graft, and infidelity to the sanctities of life; they forgot that they themselves were human like others who had fallen.

It is part of the strength of a man to be able to take the measure of his own powers and to be afraid of himself when placed under the strain of temptations. It is a splendid thing to think well of one's self, for this is the beginning of personality and power. But it is just as essential that one should know his limitations of resistance, endurance, and sustained effort as it is that one should know his strength. It is part of wisdom to be afraid of one's own self. There are certain things that none of us should ever attempt to do. Many of these things we should know without having any one tell us. We are capable of telling ourselves, if we will take the time and the trouble to find out.

A business man was urged to engage in a questionable business. He took a gambler's chance on getting by the law for the chance of quick gains. He "won out" and became rich. Six of his friends tried the same scheme, lost, and landed in the penitentiary. He has money, a wretched conscience, a wrecked career, no honor, and lost friends.

A bright young man off the farm and just entering college was persuaded by older college boys to get acquainted with life. He was introduced to waste of money, neglect of study, drink, and im-

moral places. He left college before the end of the first year with hopes blighted and ambitions crushed. He was so ashamed that he would not return home to comfort a heartbroken mother. If he could only have been afraid of himself in the presence of temptations, today he might be a man of honor and of peace of mind. Men, young and old, need to have fear of themselves to help keep them to the road that climbs to the top of a worthwhile life. The man who is not afraid to see how close he can drive to the edge of a precipice may make one mistake of driving too close and over it. We should be afraid not to play the game of life on the square; we should not be afraid of what the gang says; but we should be afraid to go against the dictates of conscience, the love of mother, and the friendship of true friends.

I want to be afraid of myself every day so that I shall keep continually doing my best and being my best.

VI

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL

IT may sound contradictory, but the fact is that everybody wants the same thing, success. Only a few realize the goal of their desire; the majority harvest stunted hopes. The pearl of great price is success. Some count it one thing; others, another. Many who are looking for it miss it by not recognizing it when they see it.

The man who climbs the highest mountain, swims the English Channel, knocks the most home-runs, builds the largest business, has the most money, preaches in the largest church, becomes president of the United States, is an object of interest wherever he goes. Each is named "success" by the masses. Anything he says or does is fit news for the papers. The crowd worships success.

Those who achieve success beyond the crowd become popular heroes. They have succeeded in some line of endeavor—this is enough to catch and hold the attention of all.

Books have been written on success and how to succeed, and will continue to be written and to multiply to the end of civilization; lectures by the thousands are heard on the theme annually; and people never tire of them. They want more suc-

cess stories, for all the time they are making personal application of the matter to themselves and their desires.

What is success? Can it be defined? Is it a miracle wrought only in a few individual instances? Or can it be something so simple and near at hand that all may lay hold upon it and yet fail to recognize it on account of its commonplaceness? I am going to throw down a challenge in the form of a simple definition: success is doing well any worthwhile thing. The more value there is to the thing done and the better it is done, the greater the degree of success. This allows for individual differences of endowment and environment. But if the thinking is straight it gives to every one a chance. Any one can think of things worth doing, and can then proceed to the doing of them as best he can. This provides for achieving success on the installment plan, as it should be. It gives the laboring man, the office man, and the man on the street a chance at it day by day.

Success, like any business, has its system of dividends. It declares and pays them often. Any piece of work, agreeable or disagreeable, that has been done on time and in a creditable manner has its recognition and reward; the man who did it may be tired, but he is never without the feeling of thrill that goes with a job well-done. Nothing can end with well-done; it produces appropriate stimulus and joyful emotion; it renews energy and stirs ambition.

The world pays little attention to the man who

only half-does his work; it scarcely notices him and soon forgets him. But the world has a long memory for the doer of a thing well done.

Success is like money at compound interest—it is cumulative. A lesson well prepared today is a preliminary preparation for a well prepared lesson tomorrow. Success is not the act of any one day, any more than an oak tree is the growth of any one day; it is the cumulative effect of doing important little things, one at a time, to the very best of one's ability. If it happens to be keeping books as an assistant, it is doing the work day by day as neatly and thoroughly as the head bookkeeper could possibly do it.

Thousands of college students and their teachers, ministers and their congregations, and people in all walks of life, are robbing themselves of the full measure of the joy of success. They fail to do their best. The college man who masters his lessons, plays well, and works hard, never fails to get the proper "kick" out of living. It is the loafer, the man who does things just well enough to "get by," who finds life dull. A thing well done puts buoyancy into the spirit and determination into the will.

Happiness is the product of hundreds of small things well done.

I have seen men lose their tempers on the golf links on account of a poor shot. A game of golf is not a matter of bread and butter, nor is it of any great concern beyond the game itself. The man who made the poor drive got "peevish" because he did less than his best.

Men of dignity sometimes lose their self-control in playing games, and act like spoiled children—not that any one has given them offence, but because they fell below the level of a play well executed. Enough of the feeling of well-done will make any man a success. Success is not a matter of money or prestige; it is the confidence of achievement and the resultant satisfied feeling on the inside of the man. Mediocre effort acts as an anæsthetic to ambition; it gradually deadens man's sensibilities to the stimuli of heroic endeavor.

How to get full possession of success is the Holy Grail of youth. Many, as the knight of old, go vainly in search of it in distant lands; and returning empty-handed find it later on, at home. Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" illustrates a practical suggestion in achieving success.

The first thing to learn in playing golf is to keep your eye on the ball when driving off. This is the one way to secure long and accurate drives; but it is not as easily done as an inexperienced person might suppose. The skillful player of baseball, basketball, or tennis, must keep his eye on the ball. If he cannot concentrate on the ball, he must be satisfied to play on the scrub team.

Keep your eye on what you want and go after it with all your might. The golf ball predicates the game; but it is the "eye on the ball" and the "follow-through stroke" that make the game a good one. Keep your eye on what you want and follow through with persistent, intelligent effort. This is the one-way road to success.

VII

RIGHT THERE

WHAT shall I do? " is a question which is as much a part of a young person as the hands and feet with which he works. The lungs with which he breathes are no more vital to the body than is the answer to this question—"What shall I do?" It is not necessary for us to will to inhale or exhale the atmosphere that surrounds us. The process goes on just as well while we are asleep as while we are awake. "What shall I do?" is a question that a rational person cannot be rid of any more than he can dispense with the process of breathing.

The question has an answer, of course, or it would be silly to be forever asking it. The difficulty is to recognize the answer when one sees it. A very skillful lawyer once asked the Master, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He was answered with the question as to how he read the law. The man of courthouse habits failed to see how skilfully his question had been answered. Jesus told him the parable of the Good Samaritan.

A high churchman on his way to attend some ecclesiastical convention, where plans were to be made to save souls and to do deeds of mercy, found a robbed and wounded man in the road. He passed

the man by in his haste to get to the meeting, where he expected to learn theological lessons in the art of doing good to his fellow man. *Right there* in the middle of the road was his opportunity to do good, but he failed to see it. He "detoured." A business man came along and picked up the wounded man and carried him to an inn, where he had him cared for. *Right there* in the road was a sick man who needed help. Two churchmen, pledged to love their neighbor as themselves, failed to recognize their neighbor in need. A business man, perhaps no better than the other men, saw right there in his path a man who needed his assistance, and he seized the opportunity for service *right there*.

It is not unusual for us to fail to see the answer to our personal inquiries. Sometimes it is the simplicity of the answer, its directness, its nearness at hand, that makes it hard of comprehension. We lift our eyes above what is near, and miss what goes on around us.

I suppose it is safe to say that the entire world has at least one desire in common: everybody wants money—some, of course, want more than others, but everybody is seeking for it in some way. Some people "work by the day" for money; others learn trades by which to earn it; a few prepare for the professions; and others make investments by which to acquire it for themselves; while a small number rob banks and practice deception to get other people's money.

I once tried the experiment of placing a bright new quarter in the walkway of a long hall where

hundreds of students marched to and from classes each hour in the day. The majority of the students walked over the quarter without seeing it. A few of the students upon whom the experiment was tried did see the money and quickly stooped to pick it up. Another time I tried the experiment of wrapping a piece of money in a paper and throwing it on the floor where hundreds of students passed in the course of the day. Many walked over it; some went to the trouble of kicking it out of their way; a few did stoop to pick it up. They all wanted money—there was no doubt about this, for many needed it very much—but only the fewest number availed themselves of the opportunity they had for putting into their purses some of the money so badly needed.

All the time they were wishing for money it was *right there* where they were walking. *Right there where they were* was the place to find what they needed: right there in the road was the priest's chance to practice kindness and to become efficient in some phases of practical religion; right there where devout men were intent on doing good, they were passing by their chance for service—they added to their steps and went around and beyond their heart's desire.

A country minister, tired of his little farm in Pennsylvania, moved to Kentucky, where he bought a small farm on which he hoped to lay up stores of wealth for the rainy days of old age. He had scarcely moved away from the old farm before three paying oil wells had been sunk on the old

place. A few years later he became tired of the Kentucky farm. He sold it and moved on, in search of a better place for accumulating wealth. An oil company is negotiating with the new owner for a lease of the oil rights on the Kentucky place. The riches that he was looking for were *right there* where he had been all the time; but he overlooked them.

We have all known of ministers who diligently sought large churches, and moved at the first opportunity to a larger and a wealthier church. It quite often happens that the man taking the smaller church sets about to make his church larger and more influential: he works right where he is, with what he has, and builds an organization that would have satisfied the wildest dreams of the man who went in search of a larger field.

A young mountaineer, riding the hills of Kentucky selling crossroad merchants hardware, dreamed of a business all his own. He sold his horse and his traveling bag, and took a humble position in a city bank to learn the banking business. He wanted to become a banker. After a few years in the city bank he returned to the remotest county in the mountains, where he had sold hammers, harness, and the simplest kind of hardware. He proposed to open a bank in the little mountain village. He was the first and only man who had ever seen the need of a bank in this mountain village, fifty-five miles from a railroad. The country was so mountainous that the farms were standing on edge; the people were so poor that no one was

supposed to have any spare money. Within less than five years this young man had attained his goal of establishing a prosperous country bank. The bank filled a great need in the county; the young traveling salesman found, right where he had been riding up and down the creeks and over the mountains, the bank he was to direct.

McMillan, the great football player of Centre College, did not need to matriculate at Yale or Harvard to become an all-American football star; he found his chance right where he was, in a small Presbyterian college. It was there he learned to do the playing that baffled and defeated the great Harvard team.

Every man's chance must be *right where he is*; there is no other place where it could be. *Right there*—in the log cabin, in the village store, in the sparsely settled region of Illinois—was Lincoln's chance to get his training for the highest office in the gift of man. Henry Ford found his opportunity in a little shop set up in his back yard. *Right there* in his own shop was created the first Ford.

Right there where you stand is your opportunity for securing whatever of worthwhileness you are seeking.

VIII

AFTER YOU

AFTER you " is a long thought. It is a long look ahead. Things have a way of perpetuating themselves by forever going on, while changing their faces or forms. Dr. Frank Crane says that the most important person in the world is the boy back of the man he is going to make. The test of every man is the character of the boy who made him. No one knows this better than the man who fights losing battles against wrong thinking and bad habits, inflicted upon him by the boy who did his early thinking and acting for him. As in the relay race there stands out before each boy a man who waits his turn to carry on. When the man's time comes to "go," he must carry what is handed him by the boy who ran before him.

The privilege of being a boy is a responsibility to the man of tomorrow, who anxiously waits for his chance to be a man among men of power.

The man waiting across the years-of-tomorrow may be cheated out of his birthright by the boy of today. He stands helpless, eagerly awaiting a good inheritance. The boy will hand the man his body, his mind, and his will. The man hopes for the body of an athlete, for healthy nerves, for a mind

trained to think, and for a trained will and a conscience possessing the power to do right when doing wrong might be easier. The boy can, if he chooses, pass on to the man a shattered equipment—a diseased body, a confused brain, a dissolute will, ruined by lust and dissipation.

It is a great thrill to be a boy and to face the rising sun of manhood. To the boy there is no past; everything is ahead. The boy is a monarch supreme; he alone can read the sign of the day and tell with precision what the future holds for the man-who-is-to-be. In the distant future there awaits for each boy, *his man*.

His man in middle life should be honest, fearless, and master of his own powers; he should be respected, and his voice should be welcomed in the council of the wise. His man in the late afternoon of life should look upon the setting of the sun with a clear conscience and the satisfaction of a life honorably lived.

What kind of a man is the man-who-is-to-be *after you* get through with the making of him?

IX

FOOLING OURSELVES

WE would be quick to deny the charge that we ever attempt to fool ourselves. We may stand ready to plead guilty of much, but never of this. Others may fool us and take our money for hair tonic, fat-reducing remedies, and patent devices by which we may become suddenly rich; but we never realize that we fool ourselves with our own shams. We think ourselves above self-deception; but suppose we open-up with a little investigation to see where we do stand?

I am going to be bold at the outset and prefer charges. This will at least focus our attention, if not our resentment. If all the time which we spend in trying to fool others into the belief that we are rich, smart, or important, could be done up in packages, a month to the pack, we would have our attics well supplied with junked time. If we could use over again the time wasted in fooling ourselves, we might add largely to our wisdom. We make ourselves believe that we think out our political, social, industrial, religious, and moral problems to their final conclusion. We pride ourselves upon our democracy of thought and our intellectual and religious tolerance. We count ourselves courteous hosts to all thought that knocks as a stranger at our

doors. We consider ourselves open-minded, and we are willing to concede the same privilege to others. The question is, are we as fine as we think?

It has been stated that the ostrich, when closely pursued, sticks its head into the sand and thinks that it is out of danger from what it cannot see. We smile at the credulity and stupidity of this simple-minded bird. Is there not at times a similarity of conduct between the behavior of the ostrich and of ourselves? We refuse to admit the resemblance; but it is there, nevertheless. We have our sandpiles into which we stick our heads when newly discovered truth gives pursuit to our creeds, to our blind party-affiliations, and to our traditional sanctities of life. The ostrich stops running, when in the act of being overtaken, and shoves its eyes into the sand because it is easier not to see than to keep on running. We, when in the act of being overtaken, stop to bury our reason in resentment over the idea that any one should dare question our lifelong beliefs.

Parents park their children in private schools and summer camps, and turn them over to the "Y" organizations and to the Sunday School for their education and religious training. Most of the tragedies of life have their beginning in the shortcomings of the home. It is folly for any home to make itself believe that outside organizations can perform the duties of parents better than the parents themselves. This is an age when we are all "running to" organizations and community life, to the neglect of the home, its simple virtues and

duties. Parents may fool themselves, but it is at the expense of their children.

The bait used when we set out to fool ourselves is self-complacency, the idea that "whatever is" is good enough for us. Church creeds become our life; ritualistic ceremonies are of fundamental importance; traditional beliefs become sacred. They are all to be let alone, with hands-off.

The old political campaign perfectly illustrates the one hundred per cent auto-intoxication, produced by stand-pat-ism. The torchlight procession, the brass band, the campaign button, and the bitter speeches of character villification, were the stage properties of a successful election. Citizens voted the ticket straight—sober or drunk, it mattered not—for the purpose of each was the same: it was government of the people, by the people, and for the people. The feeling at times became so intense that the dead in some of our cities were dragged from their final resting places to cast their ballots by proxy. This day is over; but something else may take its place.

We are busy at this very day fooling ourselves by the belief that it is the intelligent ballot that is making our nation free for democracy, and that those who are most intelligent are the ones who do the voting. While we are believing this, we are staying away from the polls. The politician is "voting" the foreigner and the ignorant *for us*. Think how few of the intelligent voters ever raise their voices in support of law-enforcement, or ever denounce vehemently the lawless citizen who tram-

ples the law under his feet. The dog howls when hit; people have been known to do the same thing. The dog does not mind the bad boys' throwing stones so long as they do not come his way: how like many citizens who take no thought of the law violator so long as he leaves them and their families undisturbed in their homes!

Is it not true that church people have been slow to take up the problem of child labor, of the hunger, misery, and inequality of opportunity of the laboring man's children? Is it not true that we turn our attention to redressing wrongs of our less fortunate fellow-men only when *our* comforts have been assailed? We become deeply concerned with coal strikes when the weather is zero and our coal bins empty. Sometimes we are equally perturbed if the price of coal which we must buy has advanced a dollar per ton.

We have all known highly respected citizens who have retained their good standing in the community when they were renting property to others to be used for commercial prostitution of the body and soul of human beings. The business slogan, in a certain foreign country, of a man of business was once—"A cigarette in the mouth of every child!" He almost succeeded in making it a worldwide accomplishment, and he became fabulously wealthy. Another man of great wealth amassed his fortune by using cut-throat methods against the small, struggling, honest business man. We all condemn the methods of these men; that is, we *say* we do; but, we send the college presidents of our Christian

institutions to hound the steps of these men of immense wealth, aiming, thereby, to acquire some of it for our needs. We make ourselves believe that the end justifies the means. To be downright honest, we need their money for our charitable institutions, and if we can't get it one way we will take it another. Money we must have. We have much to be thankful for yet: no one has reached the point of such desperation for money that he has gone seeking benevolences from the daring hold-up men. We do not call upon them to contribute to our schools and hospitals. It may be because they are evasive characters who must live in hiding, and cannot be interviewed. Society calls one man shrewd and the other a robber. The difference between the two sets of men is more conventional than real. They want the same thing, but differ on the technique of dishonest method that can be used most advantageously and safely.

We are given to denouncing our young people and to preferring the charge against them that they are in revolt against religion and against the beliefs of their parents. We sometimes go so far as to accuse them of being anti-religious, bordering on atheism. We grossly fool ourselves when we give utterance to these and similar charges. Young life is not on a rampage of defiance of law and order. The young are justly in revolt against church bigotry, creedal blindness, and stereotyped adherence to ritualistic church observances. These young people are struggling to get back of the shams of pious platitudes. They know their only chance for

freedom is the truth. This spirit is inherent in youth. The Master said, "The truth shall make you free." This is what youth wants. The way they have of expressing the desire may not be the best in the world; but it is their way, the way of inexperienced youth.

Our teachers demonstrate in our sciences the value of truth. They urge the students to accept new truth and to set aside the old theories, when it has been fully demonstrated that they are useless or that they have been displaced by new scientific discoveries. Teachers and students have learned to do this without a pang of conscience. There was a time when this could not be done quietly and peacefully. Our ancestors once believed that the world was flat, and counted those heretics who believed the contrary. It was once believed that the blood was stationary in the body. The first to discover that it was the work of the heart to pump the blood through the body was asked to denounce his own discovery. The way leading to truth has always been steep, rugged, and hazardous. We sometimes forget this when we ask our young people to believe without question as we do. It has been through the reaching out for truth, through new scientific facts and methods, that the automobile has been invented, the X-ray made, the flying machine perfected, the radio made a household fixture, and the present form of our government conceived. The hope for world peace is a new struggle toward unrealized truth and justice.

Our young people want to feel their way out

beyond where we, their seniors, stand. We must not fool ourselves into denying these young people their opportunity to think differently and to be different from ourselves. We must not become alarmists and try to call good only the old days as we knew them.

This challenge turns especially to the matter of religion, which happens to be the most sensitive subject in the life of every individual and of every race.

I must be pardoned for using reminiscence for the purpose of illustration. I was brought up in a country church, on the belief that religion was to be mourned after, upon one's knees, at a mourner's bench. It had to be obtained this way or it was spurious. The preacher was the one infallible character in the community; he spoke under the power of inspiration, as the personal spokesman of God. Ministers in those days were poorly paid, and as poorly educated. They could not help this any more than the parishioners could give what they didn't have. They taught the people that the Bible was the dictation of God to man. It was inerrant, infallible in grammar, spelling, punctuation, and meaning. It could be interpreted only as the spirit of the Holy Ghost moved the preacher. As I grew older, I rebelled against the doctrinal sermons of our family preacher. I questioned his right to interpret the greatest book of literature, when he was ignorant of all literature. He was a sincere man who meant well and who followed the light as he saw it. His trouble was that he had too little light.

I hailed the day when I would go away to college and have the opportunity of studying the Bible under a great teacher. The day eventually came; but I was disappointed in what I had long hoped for. The Bible professor was a godly man; the students loved him; but he could out-do the ostrich any day. He gave us theology, church history, church creeds; and he attempted to instil in us above everything else, the idea that we should have profound reverence for the Holy Scriptures, that the Bible was a sacred book which was to be taken literally, and that we would be guilty of sacrilege if we questioned any of the statements or made inquiry for deeper truth which we felt was there, but which was not revealed to us. This man came near making atheists out of some of us. He would have succeeded, had it been true that we were in revolt against that which was spiritual and holy. I personally was saved through the memory of the death-bed scene of my own mother. I wanted to know more about her God of love and kindness. I went to reading the New Testament in search of such a Divine Being in whom I could believe. In one sentence, the truth set me free, for it was there; but I never would have obtained it through the method under which the Bible was taught me by the professor of Bible.

We fool ourselves with the belief that we must defend the truths in the Bible; that we are engaged in a fight with scientists. The Bible needs no defence. Truth always has triumphed and always will. It takes a little time for the atmosphere to

clear, and for people to be willing to permit truth to march on. There was a time when "eye for eye and hand for hand" was the best religion known. The Master came, saying, "It was said of them of old—but I say unto you." Polygamy was sanctioned by law and social custom at one time, as was slavery. A Bible writer said, "A living dog is better than a dead lion. For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten." This apparently speaks against the immortality of the soul; but Jesus removed without doubt the questioning of the immortality of the soul through His life, death, resurrection, and teachings.

We owe it to our young people to give them a chance to study the Bible in search for the truth. Their lives are to be set free. They want to go to the heart of this great book. The best of it is found only there. We may have been content to worship the covers, without reading the book faithfully and conscientiously; we may have tried to read something *into* it. The purpose of the book is for us to read *out* of it the messages of hope and salvation. Our young people will discover that the Bible was written at different times in the world's history, to reveal God's will to men at a particular stage of civilization and moral development. The young may find, as they will, that all truth is not of equal value. They may learn that Christianity is more than church attendance, small giving, subscribing to creeds, burning incense, offering sacri-

fices, or repeating pious platitudes. They will come to know the value of the symbols of the church, and the great purpose of this powerful organization for "carrying on" for the good of the world.

Young people are perhaps more religious in this generation than they were at any time in the previous history of the Church. They are deeply concerned. They are not trying to be evolutionists. We are fooling ourselves by saying that this is what they are "aiming at." They have a sincere desire for spiritual power. We have no occasion for entertaining fear about their growing disrespect for the Bible. We cannot place our will nor our interpretation upon this or any other book for them. We should not attempt to do so, for this in itself would be defeating the struggle after truth. The truth is making us free. This much we know. Our young people want more foundation for what they believe, and less tradition. They are wiser than some of us, for they want to place their faith upon solid foundations and not let it hang out in the air, satisfied with make-believe assumptions of truth and of infallibility.

Our young people want better sermons, messages from men of great intellect and of spiritual power. They are starving for spiritual leadership. They are tired of shams and of the mediocre. They want better teachers, the influence of men and women of strong character and pleasing personality who possess scholarship and teaching ability. They want less athletics and circus life in our colleges and universities. If faculties were not so busy fooling

themselves, they would discover the real significance of the student movement to be a yearning on the part of young life for better teaching and for the leadership of forward-looking men of vision and energy. They want better parents and homes. They are trying to tell their elders this through their seeking of outside excitement, because the home does not supply sufficient nourishment for soul and mind.

We are all spending too much time fooling ourselves. The college student does this when he thinks a passing grade is sufficient, and that the by-products of college are more valuable than the direct products. In many instances, however, we must admit that the student is correct in his conclusion. The question arises: "Who is responsible?" Those of us who fool ourselves and blame "the other fellow;" we who seek an alibi by saying, "It is the tendency of the times, the restlessness of the age."

X

COME OUT OF THE CROWD

BLACKBIRDS go in flocks; sheep in droves; wild ducks, in their annual migration from the North to the South, fly in close formation. Men legislate in political parties and worship in congregations. The gregarious instinct is universal from the largest to the smallest of God's creatures. The tiniest ants live together in colonies; men live together as nations.

The group instinct lifts a load from the backs of the timid, the weak, the incompetent, the lazy, and those poorly endowed with initiative; and places the burden of protection, direction, and leadership upon a limited few.

The person who comes out of the crowd is marked for leadership. It is the *one duck* at the head of the flight that is chart and compass for its companions in migration. *One sheep* is enough to lead a flock along the road or over the precipice. It is *the few* that shape the conduct and the destiny of the masses.

We are familiar with the story of Moses and his first flight from Egypt. In a moment of passion he committed a crime that took him out of the king's court and into exile, where he became a shepherd for his father-in-law. He lived a life of

seclusion for no one knows how long. Herding sheep was a task too easy for his talents and education. He must have found little joy in his work.

One day, while on duty, he saw by the roadside a burning bush. This in itself was not an unusual sight to anyone who lived in the open country. The bush was not quickly reduced to ashes. This was unusual; so Moses turned aside from the mountain trail to investigate the unusual phenomenon. We sometimes think that seeing the fire was the important thing. Not so. It was *the turning aside*, the coming out of the crowd, that was the beginning of Moses as the Man of History. Once out of the crowd, he became the hope and leader of slaves on the first stage of their march toward freedom. Moses almost lost this rare chance by minimizing his own powers and by his willingness to return to the crowd. He dared to suggest to the Lord that his brother, Aaron, would be a better spokesman and leader. This was nothing more nor less than a willingness to be commonplace, ordinary, and to live with a minimum of exertion. Minding sheep was easy—less than a man's job.

Coming out of the crowd is one of the most difficult things that any one ever does. It is so much easier to conform than to transform. Floating is easier than swimming out of the current.

I shall never forget a vacation experience during my college days. Labor was plentiful and cheap, but this did not relieve some of us from the necessity of employment. It was the practice in those days for companies like Armour Packing Company

to employ men in about the same manner in which a stock dealer would buy cattle from a herd. Each morning at the time of opening the gate into this great packing plant, a man would appear standing on a platform and announce the labor needs of the day. He would call for twenty-five butchers; sometimes twice the number would lift their hands. He would, as if by magic, point out a man here and there, and invite him to come through the gate and report for duty. One vacation a college friend and myself made application a number of times in one of these large congregations that gathered around the employment gate. I remember well one day when this firm's representative announced the need of ten expert skinners; and from lifted hands he soon invited ten men to pass through the gate. In the same way he chose butchers, wheelbarrow men, cleaners, and men of other nondescript labor occupations. His call for men was so general that my friend and I could qualify in a number of instances. We lifted our hands high, but the jobs went to the other fellow.

One experience I shall never forget. The call had been made for general laborers. I knew I could qualify in this, so I lifted my hand and looked eagerly in the direction of the employment agent. He saw me, and I knew that he did. But he selected a man next me who was wearing a hickory shirt. This and similar instances had happened too often for me not to become curious to know what *hoodoo* was working against me. It had happened too many times. I went to the agent

after he had employed all of the men he wanted for the day, and demanded a reason for his discrimination. His answer as to why he didn't select me was laconic. He said, "I gave the job to the man in the hickory shirt. He came dressed to work." I applied in street dress, prepared, in case I got a job, to hasten to my room and dress for work. The man who got the place was ready to step from the crowd into the work of the day on a moment's notice. I have observed life long enough to know that this is the fellow who always gets the call.

The man who is *ready* to step out of the crowd is in demand. He inevitably becomes a leader. The student who "makes" the debating team, the honor roll, the council, the staff of the paper, is one of the few who comes from the crowd to step into the position of unsolicited leadership. There is a great significance in student personal achievements. The student who personally achieves has a hundred chances over the student less ambitious. Come out of the crowd!

XI

FIGHT SOMETHING

I AM going to try to set up an idea in a sentence of two words, Fight something! This idea may help each of us to get the largest good out of the active years of our life. The idea is militant, but not destructive. Its purpose is to clear out the underbrush that shuts from our view the best that is in store for each of us. The world has always idolized a good fighter—the man who fights fair and to a finish. Joshua, of many centuries ago, was a fighter of such spirit and purpose that he has been given prominent mention in the Bible. The Apostle Paul was another of the good fighters of centuries long past. When he was an old man, Paul said, “I have fought a good fight.” Washington was a good fighter, Lee was a fighter, Roosevelt was a fighter, Edison and John Dewey are two of the many noble fighters of our own day. Everybody who amounts to anything must fight something.

Fighting is an instinct that makes man try out his unknown powers and test his defense; that makes man stand up for his personal rights, and defend the honor and rights of his nation. It is through fighting that man brings success within his reach.

Washington fought Indians, Redcoats, and traitors. Roosevelt fought unscrupulous combinations of capital and political corruption. Perry fought Arctic storms and icebergs. Edison fought crime with the incandescent light, and monotony with the victrola. President Eliot fought traditional intellectualism with elective courses in college. Dewey waged battle against educational conceit and school complacency. Every good and wise parent has to fight for his children against bad movies, low ideals, idle and worthless companions. Everybody faces a challenge to fight. It is *fight something* or *amount to nothing*.

There are many false notions about this thing that we call fighting. The prevailing opinion is that to fight is to strike down a competitor. This idea is old, but it is false. It leads nowhere except to more fighting. Those acquainted with war know that the greatest danger comes from the enemy-in-disguise within their own trenches. The spy and the coward are far more dangerous than the foe fighting across No Man's Land. The more invisible the foe, the greater is his power to do harm.

What do we parents, teachers, students, preachers, lawyers, and business men have to do with battles and fighting? I am daring to say that fighting is our business. We must fight ignorance, crime, idleness, and all the obstacles along the way to progress. The fight is personal and must be waged in a hand to hand struggle. The great fight is not to be waged so much against our well known enemies as against insidious foes that crip-

ple the individual's chance for improvement and promotion.

I want to call special attention to some of the invisible foes against which a personal fight should be waged. Carelessness is one of the greatest enemies to progress. It is the rock on which many a teacher wrecks. I will illustrate the result of carelessness by the story of a doctor whom I know. He is college bred, highly trained in medical science and surgery; yet he has never succeeded in his calling because of his carelessness: he is careless in his dress, in the care of his surgical instruments, in the appearance of his office, and of the environment in which he lives. He is known as a doctor *who knows*; but people are afraid to trust themselves to him for an operation because of possible infection. Lack of vision and narrow-mindedness are shortcomings, I am going to say, of the teaching profession. I might say it as well of other callings. It is so much easier to believe what some one has said than to think for one's self. So many of us in the teaching profession go through life using second-hand ideas. We are affected with acute intellectual and professional laziness. Many lawyers and doctors suffer from the same affliction. Business men drop into ruts and refuse to get out. The wise person should be more concerned with *the why* and *the wherefore* than with the simple *how* of doing a thing. The world is in need of people who will take time to think. It is necessary that from time to time we re-think-out our systems of education, religion, and social ideals.

The Master said, "The truth shall make you free." This "truth" is not to be had for the asking: truth must be struggled after and must frequently be fought for hard after it has once been discovered. The real parent, teacher, and preacher has little time to spend in thinking of his own personal comfort. It is the easy task which weakens the will and softens the brain cells. Anybody can teach the brightest children, in buildings equipped with the best of everything. Anybody can live with the best people. But the test is the ability to live with the ordinary common run of "folks." The real teacher, parent, and preacher is one who knows how to meet and to overcome handicaps of environment and of community indifference.

Too many people spend time in being sorry for themselves. The dissipated energy, if concentrated on personal improvement, would greatly reduce the work of the so-called eleemosynary professions. While one is being sorry for himself, the opportunity for doing something is lost. If beggars would *use* the time spent in begging, they would not need to beg. If we enjoyed less relating our ill luck and disappointed ambitions, and enjoyed more doing good hard work, we would have less to whine about and more to be thankful for. We need to fight less with others, but more with ourselves. We must fight something to amount to anything. This is a law of growth and development. Fight! fight back our alibi for non-achievement.

XII

GOD AND YOU

DO you know the two most important people in the world? They are God and you. If you had not read the heading of this chapter, would you have thought of these as the two most important people whom you have ever known or read about? I suspect that some of you, if you had been asked to name the two most important people in the world, would have named as one your father or mother, the president, some great statesman, business man, preacher, or renowned character of history; and as the other, Jesus. Your answer would have been a good one, but not the best.

You know there is such a person as "You," for you have seen yourself in the mirror and in a clear pool of water. You chased, in childhood, the shadow of "You," gleefully trying to place your foot upon its head. You have not forgotten the thrill that you had when you heard "You" shout back to you your own words in an echo from the hills. On cold wintry mornings you have felt the frost-bite on fingers, ears, nose, and toes of "You." You know there is such a person as "You," for you have for years washed, dressed, fed, and put to bed this person. You buy "You" hats, shoes, books,

and tickets to shows. You send for the doctor and for medicine when "You" gets sick. There cannot be any mistake about this important person. Everything possible is done for the education of "You," and travel is provided and happiness is sought after for this individual. Waiting upon and serving "You" are your chief interests in life.

The personal companion and comrade of you by day and night is another person known by the name of God. Some people would deny you this friendship by refusing to believe there is a God, because no one has ever seen Him in person nor heard His voice. Men speak to us in our homes out of a neat little box that contains a few wire coils and dials. We call this a radio set. We do not *see* the man whom we hear. He may be a thousand miles away. We do not even *understand* just how he is able to speak to us. About all we know is that he does speak and we do hear him. His voice that pours into our parlor may be familiar. We may say, "Why, it is President Coolidge speaking," or "John McCormick singing." We listen to the message or the music without questioning the way it comes to us.

God speaks gently in the quiet moments when He and you are alone. Sometimes He speaks when you are in the silence of your room, upon your bed, or at your work. He speaks to you in awe and reverence when you stand on a mountain top and look into the distance toward the towering peaks, or down upon a valley that nestles far below at the foot of the mountain. The voice is one of wonder

when you gaze into the starry sky, or when your thoughts run beyond the grave and ponder the great question of the immortality of your soul. He speaks to you through the chill of remorse of conscience when you have sinned against Him and your dearest friends. The hurt on the inside of you that you feel when you cheat, lie, or mistreat a dog, is God speaking to you. Sometimes the hurt of remorse is so painful that you can neither eat nor sleep.

You may ask again how you are to know God. It is quite easy when treated as a sensible matter. There come to you, daily, innermost desires to be honorable, truth-telling, and fair in your dealings, no matter what the personal cost may be. Business reverses, discouragements, may weigh heavily upon your mind. You may not know which way to turn, for all ways seem dark. You roll and toss upon your bed during a sleepless night. You pray, make a surrender and a vow, and then, as if by magic, you catch sight of a ray of hope coming your way. You feel easy again and go off to sleep as a happy little child drops to sleep in its mother's arms. You wake up in the morning to find the bright sun shining; faith has been renewed, and courage has been granted sufficient for the day's tasks. This is God's way of speaking to you.

The small voice that says, "No," when you are tempted to throw away your honor, is the voice of God. The something on the inside of each of you that safeguards your manhood and keeps it clean, pure, and sweet, is God. The feeling of content-

ment, the spirit of kindliness and of friendliness, are the work of God on the inside of you.

Some people become skeptical and wonder why God allows people to commit crime and to do evil. He doesn't, any more than a good mother allows her child to be naughty. He never allows any one to sacrifice the dignity of his soul without a warning.

He places on the inside of each of you as a warning, the feeling of unhappiness, of being uncomfortable, the remorse of conscience. This is the reason you confess your sins and try to live a better life. You should never forget that wherever happiness, love, kindness, and justice are, there God is also.

XIII

YOU, OR THE OTHER FELLOW

I ONCE saw a great football game between a college and a state university. The teams were about evenly matched, with a little advantage of weight in favor of the varsity squad. It was predicted that the university would win with a small score, making her points on line-plunging, where she would take full account of the extra avoirdupois of the line. She opened the game with straight football and kept the line renewed with fresh men who continually battered the line of the smaller team. But before she won the game she did something that was much cleverer than line-plunging: head work became a feature of the game. Two clever pieces of strategy brought her the only two touchdowns in the game. A clever piece of passing of the ball to a player easily out of danger of a tackle from the college players, brought the first touchdown. It was evident that some one on the college side had overlooked some work that belonged to his territory. The player, whose business it was to watch the movement that contributed to the loss of the score, was removed from the game. Another man was given his place and his opportunity to show his ability at watching and blocking forward passes of a man

who was especially fine in this particular phase of the game.

Many of the spectators felt sorry for the big fellow as he came in from the field to take his place on the side line: he was almost in tears; his pride was wounded; his part of the game was ended. He had had his chance and lost it; another man had gone out into his place. It seemed almost like cruelty to remove this poor fellow from participating in the game, for no doubt he had done his best. Some one in the crowd expressed this thought; but the boys dismissed the matter by saying that they knew the coach would call him in.

How much like life this is for all of us. The other fellow gets the chance when we play the game stupidly or do less than our level best. Sometimes our best is not good enough. If so, we must stand aside for another. This is a critical test for courage and manliness.

Somebody must be the great statesmen, teachers, inventors, investigators, farmers, surgeons, preachers, missionaries, writers, and business men of the next generation. Youth is the one season for preparing for some one of these tasks. The preparation must include the intention of doing well. If you and I do not get ready for action and perform well, the inevitable will happen—the other fellow will pick up our chance and go on from where we fail to advance. It goes without saying that either we or the other fellow must sooner or later get into positions of responsibility. How often do we hear men speaking, out of their disappointments, about

their once having had this or that opportunity which they lost; or about having owned or had offered them this position or that property, which they failed to grasp, but which the other fellow seized, and thereby secured position and wealth.

I know of a peculiar incident in which a young man, in love with a college girl, rushed through courtship to marriage because he was afraid that if he did not get the girl of his choice at once some other fellow would. His reasoning was good, for the girl was charming and had other suitors. He used good sense, so won and married a charming wife who has been a companion and an inspiration to him to such an extent that he has achieved distinction and recognition in his field of work. He had sense enough to know that he himself or some other fellow was going to be the lucky one. He did his part ardently and manfully, and eliminated the other fellow.

If every bright high school pupil of character would realize early that everything he aspires to will be done at some time by himself or by some one else, this knowledge would be a stimulus toward thinking about and planning a life career, and an incentive for hard work leading to that goal.

I recall thoughts of youthful misgivings when I myself was a student in college. I frequently walked along streets in the residential section of a great city in the Middle West on my way to the library where I went to read on questions for inter-collegiate debate. I recall that as I passed the splendid homes I wondered and then doubted

whether I would ever have such a home of simple beauty and real worth. I recall doubts that chased each other through my mind as I walked along the streets and looked up at the windows in the great office buildings where I saw names of prominent professional men. I wondered if ever it would be possible for my name to be on a window or in the directory of a great office building. I lost sight of the fact, or rather I did not realize, that I had as good a chance as any other fellow: I did not know that what one does not do, another must; I did not visualize civilization as a carrying-on process.

I wish some one had told me while in college, what a man who has passed through college said as I was leaving. It was this: "I don't care where in the world I am dropped, *if* I can speak the language, I can make a living, for I have as good a chance as every other college man." Time has proved that this man was right in so far as he was concerned. He virtually said, "If you don't do it, the other fellow will do it." Somebody is going to be called upon for every responsibility. You or the other fellow will get the call. If you won't, he will. The wealth of the country, the prestige, honor, and glory, go to the one who does.

XIV

WANT

BACK of the purchase of every bottle of patent medicine is the feeling of a want-to-be-well. The feeling may be imaginary or real—the effect is the same. People would neither buy nor take the stuff if they had all the health they needed. Men go to jail for bad wants. Wants, when wrong, lead men to lie, to steal, and to commit the worst crimes.

The child cries because it wants its mother, its playthings, or something it likes to eat. It learns to crawl in response to an expression of the instinct want-to-go somewhere. Children do many things in an effort to satisfy their want-to-be-like older people.

Want is at the bottom of all we do. Wants are good or bad in varying degrees. Life itself depends on wants. The crab grows a shell that hardens, and then faces a serious dilemma: he must either get out of the shell or die. He is not known for having much sense, but he does have enough to want to live; so he fasts and grows smaller and walks out of his shell. He then eats again, grows larger, and grows a new shell.

Thousands of young people are growing into manhood ignorant and poorly trained for making

a competent living. Their future will be encumbered by their failure to want proper preparation for life during their days of preparation.

We win or lose by the character of our desires. The Pilgrim Fathers wanted more religious liberty. They left their home, risked their lives in a trip across the ocean, and settled in the New England wilderness, where the winters were severe and long, and food was scarce. They endured unspeakable hardships because they wanted something very much. Men in the early '50's deserted the counters and work-benches and rushed to California in the hope of satisfying their thirst for gold. David Livingstone wanted to go as a missionary to dark Africa. He was so earnest in his desire that he gave up personal comforts and an easy life, to carry the gospel to an unknown race of heathen. Dwight L. Moody left a business career, that promised wealth, for the ministry. He preferred to help men with their lives rather than to sell them merchandise.

The farmer sets out an orchard in response to a want for fruit. He digs a well to save his wife steps to the spring. The content of his life increases as his wants multiply; he buys better machinery, home conveniences, magazines and books for the library, because of improved wants; he buys a car to satisfy a want of the family to mix and mingle with friends and neighbors and to enlarge the horizon of life. Beautiful homes, well kept lawns, musical instruments, pictures, and books are supplied-wants that minister to better

living. A wantless life is a tragedy. It lives in the slums in our cities and in the poverty-stricken homes in the country. We are known by our wants. It pays to learn to want something worthwhile and to want it enough to work hard for it.

James A. Garfield, when a college student, wanted to be a thorough student, so he spent a few minutes extra on each lesson after he had carefully prepared it. A student in a manual training shop was asked for the privilege of using her cedar chest for a school exhibit. She was not willing to have it used until she had replaced a defective piece of lumber in the base, although this was out of sight and no one would have been aware of the defect. She said *she* knew it was there, and refused to release it until her conscience, which demanded good workmanship, had been satisfied. She won first prize, in her desire for perfect work, *before* the judges awarded her the prize. Some one has said that armies travel on their stomachs. Some one just as wise might fittingly say that civilization travels on its wants. To *want nothing* is to be *nothing*.

XV

BIG I AND LITTLE YOU

YOU " and " I " are either masculine or feminine in gender, according to the decree predestinated by nature. One is in the first person, the other in the second. " I " stands at the head of the receiving line in a sentence, or it refuses to stand; it is ordained by rules of grammatical etiquette to have first place or none at all; it always asks for the position of honor held by the nominative case. " You " is not quite so important a person. Sometimes it may have the honor-position of the nominative case; but it gets along fairly well in the position of objective or in some other grammatical pigeon-hole.

I will not take time to review a full lesson in grammar or in the art of declension of the personal pronouns. I had enough of this when a youngster in school. I believe that if I had to, I could today decline the whole family in the same old monotonous voice which brought routine-satisfaction to my teacher years ago. I held about the same feeling for one of these personal proxies that the little boy did who declined, for the benefit of the teacher, the pronoun " I. " " Nominative—I; Possessive—my or mine; Objective—me. " Then he added parenthetically, " The whole cheese! " The concluding

remark at the end of the declension was a graphic description of most of the "I's" which are in the world doing business.

"I" is an important person whose word is authority in itself; who speaks the truth in the crystalline form. To doubt or question "I's" word is a personal affront. "I" is all feelings, so that the hurt is all-over, and excruciatingly intense.

Those of us who attended a district school, having no well or near-by spring, remember many a trip with a chum to a friendly neighbor's home, whose well supplied the school water. We recall our blundering requests for the privilege of going for the water. The desire usually came with a felt-need, such as that of knowing how to pronounce the longest word in the spelling lesson. We marched up to the teacher for the cultured sound of the make-believe-unknown word, and then when in the act of turning away we said, "Teacher, can me and Jimmie go for a bucket of water?" We remember to this day the rebuke of the teacher, who said, with a frown that loosened the shoes upon our feet, if we happened to have any on, "*What is that?*" We backed up and started the request over again, after the teacher had lined it out to us in its proper form: "May Jimmie and I go for a bucket of water?" This brought the expected results. Getting "I" to stand behind Jimmie removed the obstruction which had stood against two boys' desires. When the water did come, a room full of "I's" sent their hands up trying to be first to use the dipper, to have the honor of passing the

water, or to secure a measure of freedom from the bondage of "sums" in arithmetic.

"I" is a troublesome fellow if he can't have his way. When young, he wants all cake for dinner; and out at play, he demands the nicest toys. When he grows up to full manhood, he prefers the best man in the community to gain all honors and public office, which, of course, is always Mr. "I." He keeps a sharp lookout for the "You's" and all others. So long as the "You's" have less than the "I," all is well; but any change in the receiving-line creates a stir. The "I" wants all he sees other people have, and cares little about conditions or circumstances; he may not always care so much about having what he sees others have, as he dislikes to see others have what he himself has not.

Pigs and "I"-individuals are much alike in one respect; the pig wants all he can eat, and the privilege of putting his feet in what is left in the trough. It takes a stomach full and muddy feet on the fragments left, to provide swine-happiness. There is a very similar kind of "I"-happiness.

"I" is a troublesome fellow. This goes without saying. The nominative case is his undoing, until he learns there cannot be so much as a sentence without other words to stand with him. There is no first without a second. How hard it is to learn this! "I" makes a touchdown in a football game through the opening made by "You." It is the *vice-versa* that "I" does not like.

"I" becomes a great person when disciplined in the school of equal-rights-for-all; he must be

taught the lesson of good sportsmanship, so that others may have turns in carrying the ball; he must get over the idea that he should be consulted on all matters to make them of worth-while interest; he must be willing to allow others to have public honors, to sit in the place of honor at the table.

The recognition of the human rights of all beings, regardless of their station in life, has a direct bearing upon world events. It is easy to give verbal assent to all the beautiful theories of equality; the test of actual assent comes when it is translated from words into conduct. This recognition of free and impartial equality between "You" and "I" is the beginning of community-spirit, which will grow in its final culmination into a triumphant world-peace.

XVI

YOU CAN'T MAKE ME

HAVE you ever heard this said, "You can't make me"? Do you remember how many years ago it is since you were saying it? If you are still youthful in years or short on self-control, you may be saying it occasionally now. It hurts to do some things; but the pain is more acute and lasting when one is *compelled* to do them.

I remember a team of horses which my father drove when I was a lad. Old Charlie was a big fine-looking black horse, but he was so lazy that it was hard for him to keep out of the way of the wagon. Standing up to live seemed to be a misery to him. His teammate was a beautiful young sorrel, all animation, always ready to go with spirit against the collar and the challenge of any load. I do not know how father happened to get, for a team, two animals so diametrically opposed. He had for old Charlie a strong whip; but for the young sorrel, he had a hold-back on the lines. One horse he had to make move along; the other he could not make, for the sorrel made himself move along by keeping in the lead all the time. The horses were equally treated; both were well fed and were always in fine condition; but this never changed the difference in their temperaments: one

had to be made to do his share of the work; the other did his voluntarily, and so eagerly that he had to be held back. I remember hearing the hired man tell about a trip he made with the team, hauling a load of wheat to a railroad station ten miles away. As he drove up to the scales, old Charlie was lagging behind with the single-tree rubbing the wheel. The neighbors said jokingly, "I see that one of your horses is much faster than the other." The hired man, who was clever of wit, said, "Oh, not so much, only two feet in ten miles." A race of ten miles in which the winner outstripped the second by only two feet would be called exceedingly close. Two feet in ten miles is not so much; but this amount in every mile, in every rod, in every yard, makes a great difference. One horse had to be made; the other horse, by his vim, said, "You can't make me."

Horses are not people, nor are people horses; but some people resemble old Charlie, and others, the young sorrel: some go of their own accord; others wait to be made. If no one happens along to make them go, they shuffle through life dragging themselves over every opportunity, as old Charlie dragged his feet along the highway.

"You can't make me" is a splendid attitude for every one to take, provided it means that the person will make himself.

We frequently meet supposedly good citizens who take the attitude that *they* cannot be forced to observe certain laws and regulations. They are correct in what they say, provided they are really

good citizens, for no one can make them observe the laws; they will beat the officer of the law to the doing of their duty; they, of their own volition, will keep to their side of the road, without being signalled by a policeman and without being forced to conform to traffic regulations.

It is a dangerous thing for a person to make himself believe he is a being free to do as he pleases without consulting the wishes and the best interests of others. Sometimes people withhold the best of life from themselves because of this narrow view. It is natural for us to want our way in all things at all times; but it is also natural for other people to have personal interests which they consider paramount to ours.

Naaman was a captain in the Syrian army. He had contracted a fatal disease. He heard through a little girl, who had been taken captive, that there was a man in the land of Caanan who could restore him to health. A servant in this officer's home urged him to go on the quest of restored health. Naaman made all his plans; set out with dignity and pomp; and carried gold, silver, and much raiment to bestow upon the person who might make him well. He went to the king of Israel, from whom he learned of a prophet by the name of Elisha who lived out in the country, and who could do marvelous things. He and his stately group went to the prophet's home. He sent in his servant to announce his arrival; but to his great surprise, amazement, humiliation, and indignation, Elisha did not come down in person to consult with him,

to diagnose his disease, to lay on his hands, or do any other mysterious thing: Elisha merely advised him to go down to the Jordan and to wash seven times. This man, who had been accustomed to sending men here and there in obedience to military orders, was very indignant that his dignity should be so slightly treated; he resented the prophet's failure to offer him the courtesies befitting kings and their generals; and he turned about to go home. A wise man in his company suggested that it might be well for him to make the experiment at least, for he had no chance of ever being well from any other source. The captain stormed at the idea of washing in the muddy waters of the Jordan, when he had at home beautiful clear streams in which he could bathe. The kindly insistence of the friend finally persuaded Naaman to follow the advice of the prophet and to bathe in the river. The whole question at issue was that of whether he, a man of reputation and influence at home, *could be made* to do such a simple thing as wash in a river with the expectation of getting well, simply because a prophet in a strange land had so advised him. He thought he should not be made to do such a seemingly trivial thing. Happily, he overcame the delusion or the spell that comes from the spirit of the wrong kind of "you can't make me," so he did as he was told; and he returned home a well man.

"You can't make me, for I'll do it without making," is an attitude of mind that sends a man along the road to prosperity, that aids him in the

overcoming of difficulties and in the side-tracking of disappointments, and that is soul-satisfying to those who "make themselves" do their own duties.

One of the serious troubles with a number of our labor organizations today is the unwillingness of many of the laborers to do a good honest day's work, putting in full hours and doing full work, without being carefully watched or supervised. Half of the labor-union problems would be solved if the men doing the work would give conscientiously and freely of their best. On the other hand, the situation is equally serious when the owners of our mines and factories stand apart from their employees and wait to be compelled to pay a living wage, to provide proper working conditions, and to give the men who work for them humane and sympathetic treatment. If these two groups of men would catch the spirit of "you can't make me, for I am going to do it without being made," they and we would be more prosperous and happy, would have a greater abundance of the necessities of life, and would enjoy the benediction of the great spirit of Christian fellowship and human kindness. In proportion to the extent that we have this spirit, are we law-abiding, progressive citizens. This applies as well in the class-room of the high school and college student as it does in the business world of the laborer who works in the mines and of the man who owns the factory.

"I will do my duty without being made," is the attitude of an up-standing man. "Make me if you can," is the goad of dumb, driven cattle.

XVII

REMEMBER ME

DO you know of anything that brings more happiness than to be remembered by some loved one? I do not. It is this spirit of wanting to be remembered by loved ones that makes the college student eager to hear from the folks at home; it is this spirit that puts sunshine in the day when a letter comes to the old home from the absent son or daughter. Some one has said, with truth, that those who are quick to forget the dead, easily forget the living. This should be reason enough for our perpetuating memorial services which keep living afresh in our minds the love and sacrifice of the heroes who gave their lives for us.

We are told by those who knew the mother of Grover Cleveland that she was a woman of grace, beauty, personal charm, and that she was known in the neighborhood for her strength of character, her Christian spirit, and her art in making a lovely home for her nine children. The father of Grover Cleveland was a minister who received a salary never in excess of one thousand dollars. Because of this limited income, the education of the children was a great burden. The father died when Grover was a boy of sixteen. It then became necessary for Grover and his brothers to give up their school-life

and to go out as wage-earners to help in the support of their mother and the other children. During all the time of his financial, business, and political struggles, however, Grover Cleveland made it a life practice to visit his mother at least twice each year. This mother, who shared with her son all of the joys of his political success, died a short time before he was elected governor of New York. On the eve of his election to the governorship of New York he wrote to a brother and said, "I have just voted, and I sit here in my office alone. If Mother were alive, I should be writing to her." Later on in his life, when he had achieved greater heights of success, in writing his brother, he said: "Do you know that if Mother were alive, I would feel so much safer." When being sworn into the office of President of the United States, Grover Cleveland asked that he might be permitted to kiss the little pocket Bible that was given him by his mother when he was a child. It was this Bible that the Chief Justice of the United States used in administering the oath of office to President Cleveland. The man, Cleveland, on the heights of success, remembered his beloved mother.

The act of remembering one's loved ones is more than a duty; it is usually a benediction to the life of him who remembers. We remember the graphic picture of our Master when He called His disciples together in an upper room for the Last Supper. "He took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.

Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament of my blood which is shed for you." The Master had had this little group of disciples in training for the great program of Christianity that He was soon to launch upon the world. Jesus had said to them, "I am the Light and the Way." He had been a lamp to their feet, an example which they could follow, by which they could know the way of truth and could reach the road that leads to the satisfaction of the soul's uttermost desires.

No one can estimate the momentum which was given nor the possible good which was done when the Master said to His few friends, "This do in remembrance of me." He was not speaking to a group of church people: there were no Baptists then, no Presbyterians, no Methodists; there was only a lonely man, the Son of God, soon to be crucified, who wanted to do in His final hours the greatest thing possible for those upon whose shoulders the burden of Christianity was soon to rest. His message was, "This do in remembrance of me." He knew the temptations and discouragements which were ahead of His patient followers; He knew full well that in the hour of trial they would be strengthened by remembering His example and His love for them.

Thinking of a great soul in the hour of trial has saved many a person from the depths of disgrace and shame.

I can picture the mother of Grover Cleveland placing the little Bible in his hands, saying, "Take

this book, your mother's guide. This do in remembrance of me, my son: Read it, ponder upon its words and let it be your guide." I can hear her say, "I am the light that guided your footsteps when you were a child. Remember me and pray; remember me and my love for you, and be an honorable man, a good man."

We all owe much of what we are to the memory we have of those with whom we have associated. The gift of memory is a stabilizing force that sustains when all other forces fail. The young man who is in the act of committing himself to disgraceful conduct is saved, if saved at all, by the memory of a good mother, of a good father, or of some great inspiring soul whose life has embedded itself in his memory. Memory is a long thing; if it is of the right kind, it sweetens the days as they lengthen; if it is of remorse, it shadows with sorrow the days as they grow longer in the far-away time of age.

"Remember Me" should be a memory which sustains and strengthens, a "very present help" in joy or sorrow.

XVIII

"NO"

THE fellow who knows how to say "No," and when to say it, possesses wisdom and understanding. It serves for a moral backbone. It has all the necessary strength and rigidity needed to hold one's head up out of the way of dangers.

"No" is so short and its meaning so unmistakable, that tender-hearted and weak people avoid using it. They fear that they might be considered abrupt, ill-mannered, guilty of some social discourtesy. Rather than say "No" when it ought to be said, they turn away and go with the crowd. It is the crowd who cannot say "No."

The man who cannot say "No" is not on a par with the man in the story told by a ferryman, who refused a loan of ten cents to the man who wanted to be set across the river. He reasoned that a man who did not have a dime was not worth any more on one side of the river than on the other, so he let him stay where he was.

"No" is among the smallest of words. It may be easily lost among big words and their synonyms, and little missed until a great crisis arrives. It represents the will and power of decision. "No" was the making of Roosevelt. He had scarcely

been elected to the governorship of New York before a powerful political boss, a king of office-grafters of his day, suggested that a certain man of questionable character be appointed to a responsible office in the state. His suggestion became a demand, then a threat to ruin young Roosevelt's administration and career if he failed to please the boss with the appointment. Honesty in government said "No" to the grafter seeking office; so did young Roosevelt. An honest man was appointed. There was so much character in the Rooseveltian "No" that scheming politicians understood and respected the power of the rising young statesman. He blocked their corruption of years' standing with the word "No." In this instance "No" meant integrity. It marked the beginning of the phrase, "Square Deal." It said out loud that office-holding is a trust, that a man has no right to abuse his power to satisfy the demands of dishonest politicians, who use office for grabbing money.

A brilliant young man once planned to spend his life-energies in carrying the gospel to benighted Africa. His friends insisted that he could not afford to waste a career so promising as his on an unknown land, peopled by heathen savages. Livingstone heard kindly all of these suggestions of his friends, but to their entreaties he said "No." "No" meant loyalty to duty. The world would have suffered a great loss if Livingstone had failed in his duty to the lost continent. His "No" led to the opening up to industry and trade, to civili-

zation and Christianity, of a vast and unknown world.

Columbus, upon his third attempt to find a water route westward to India, refused to turn back when his men mutinied and threatened his life. His orders were to sail on. When Columbus said "No," it expressed for him a man's courage and strength of will; for civilization, it meant the discovery of America and the colonization of a new world.

One of the nation's distinguished statesmen and lawyers, now living, was asked to take a case testing the constitutionality of the Eighteenth Amendment. The retaining fee and final fee were to be at his own figures. His early training in a Christian home, and the memory of his beloved mother, made it impossible for him to say anything but "No" to a fortune made in an effort to break down a well-meaning law of the nation. His "No" meant respect for and loyalty to a noble mother's love.

Two young men from the same neighborhood went to the same college. They were equally bright and, from all outward appearances, equally determined on having an education. Each made friends easily. One could say "No" to unnecessary waste of time when lessons were to be prepared. The other was too weak to say "No" if gaiety issued a call, when duty was involved. He ultimately lost out as a student, spent more than he had, and put an end to it all in an act of suicide. These two boys were roommates; but to one "No" meant attention to business and the safeguarding of one's

respect; to the other, it meant not being a good sport. There come times in a man's life when safety depends on "No" being said. Lucky is the man who knows how to say it! If there is anything worse than not being able to say "No," it is being afraid to do so.

XIX

DIG A WELL

THE man who digs a well does lasting good. It outlasts his own time and generation. His pick and shovel have opened up the springs of water for the pioneer and his cattle. The prairies of the West would be "No Man's Land" today, if the well-diggers had failed in their duty. One of life's essentials is water: the primitive American pitched his tent by a spring, and set up his permanent wigwam by a stream; the first pioneer settler built his log cabin, as the Indian did, within carrying distance of a spring of fresh water. The time came when the pioneer looked toward the level lands, the great expanse of fertile plains; but this was not for his plow nor for his new home until the water-witch had followed the divining-rod to hidden streams and said, "Dig your well here." We do not believe in the power of the water-witch today; but she served her purpose by setting men to digging wells. It was not the pointing down of the peach-tree switch that discovered a subterranean stream; it was the man behind the pick, the shovel, and the blasting.

The well is as old as the civilization of man: the two exist together; either is dependent upon the other. The writer of Proverbs spoke highly of

the man who opened up a source of water: he said, "Blessed is the man who, passing through the valley of Baca, digs a well." This was a region of misery where there was great need for an abundance of water.

Water is more precious than gold and silver; and yet no one has ever attempted to get a monopoly on it. The town well has been, in more than one village, the emporium of neighborhood friendliness. Neighbors gather at the well for water, and there share with each other in the spirit of good will. A well is about the only unselfish piece of property that some people ever own. Its waters are usually as free as they are pure and sparkling.

The Proverb-writer had more in mind than praising a man for sinking a well that would contain water from rains and melted snows: he was thinking of the value of opening up wells of latent influence, and personal power, and kindly interest, from which weary travelers might slake their withered courage and parched hopes so that, without fainting, they might add another lap to the journey.

The fellow who makes the world better by his example, his words, and his sympathetic interest in others, makes passing through the valley of Baca easier and less dangerous. The one who sees the latent good in some one and who sinks a shaft to the hidden treasures, opens up a well that bubbles-up streams which refresh the traveler on the way through the valley of doubts and discouragements. The person who adds happiness to a fellow-traveler digs a well in the valley of Baca.

XX

DO IT YOURSELF

BOYS and girls go from their homes to college, because their parents want them to have something that they could not get by staying at home: it is not money, for they will be spending and not earning while in college; it is not play, for they have back yards in which to play at home; it is not an easy time, for they have shade trees and loafing places at home. Students spend four years taking a college course because their parents and they themselves know that some things are worth more than others. They are ready to exchange their money, their time, and their energy for a priceless gift, called education.

Education is a big name for two of the most useful tools that we use every day: the tools are power and culture.

Power is the will to try, to hold on, to do one's best. This power is something that grows within us. It is like the heart which produces energy by pumping fresh blood to all parts of the body, so that it may be healthy, strong, and useful. Power created within us gives poise and self-confidence, and provides us with a creative spirit of adventure that leads to growth. It is this inside-power that makes us honest, eager to

improve, and anxious to live up to the hopes of parents and friends.

This power the student will be getting every time he does his best playing a game of basketball, baseball, and football; making a bed, sweeping a room, preparing a dinner, washing and ironing; and studying the Bible and carefully preparing lessons. Everything that is done well brings power. The more power one has, the more he must do. One creates power for one's self.

The other tool that every student wants is culture. This brings satisfaction from within, and finds for the student congenial, wholesome friends who enjoy the best things in life. Culture is a love for music, good literature, flowers, trees, beautiful homes, well-kept lawns, tidy rooms, appropriate clothes, sensible conversation, and refined friends. Culture is a private source of happiness. It is not something that can be put on and off like a shoe; it is a thing which we cultivate within ourselves.

Power and culture are products of scholarship. This is the reason why people go away to study and why they strive to make the best grades possible,—not for the sake of securing the grade, but for the sake of acquiring culture and power. Some people are not as wise as others: they do not know that study is the only way to get the best things out of life, and that it is thinking which gives color to personality. It is for this reason that people waste much of their time and allow youth to slip away, leaving them unimproved.

It is known to be a fact that those who do most

while in school are the ones who are most successful when school-days are over. Our college records prove this without doubt. One out of every two of the honor graduates of a great college became distinguished men. More than one-half of the highest honor students of Yale are included in "Who's Who." In a list of students from twenty-two selected colleges, it was discovered that three times as many names of honor graduates were in "Who's Who" than were names of all the rest of the living graduates put together.

In school days, habits of work and study are formed which go with us through life. Only a few people are ever able to break bad habits formed during the years they spend in the elementary school, the high school, and the college. Good habits are the best friends that any of us can ever have.

We inherit our bodies; but there are many good things in life that we must acquire by way of our own efforts.

"Do it yourself" is the great law of learning. We are familiar with the story of Moses, who was summoned by divine authority to lead the Children of Israel out of bondage. He did at first what so many of us want to do: he suggested that another person do the leading; he mentioned his brother in this connection. Moses started to throw away his one chance for developing personal power and for becoming a world-citizen. He would have done so if the Lord had not interfered and saved him from his own foolishness. The Lord cannot take time to

teach each of us individually, so He provides parents and teachers. He plans for each person to learn the lesson that He taught Moses. "Do it yourself and do not unload it on some one else," was the lesson taught Moses. This is perhaps one of the most important things that any person can learn. "Learn your own lesson through your own effort" is the one road to scholarship, power, and culture. "Do your own job by your own effort" is the way to prosperity.

"Do it yourself" is the way the athletic coach teaches boys to play football. "Do it yourself" is the way schoolboys teach a chum to swim when they throw him into the river and keep watch to see that he does not drown. "Do it yourself" is the way people learn to play tennis. Parents and teachers cannot make students study. This is not what they are for. Their business is to help by encouraging, stimulating, and guiding students in the learning of their own lessons. This is the only way that any one can help. "Do it yourself" is a wise motto through life. "Do it yourself" will richly reward the doer with power and culture. What the other fellow does, is his. This is the way life was from the beginning; no one can change it.

XXI

CATCH THE SPIRIT

MIGHTY things happen when a young life catches the spirit of a great cause. It works in a way similar to the fire under the boiler—it generates energy that is eager to be released for action.

For only nine years was the mother of Abraham Lincoln spared for the training of her son; yet it is impossible to estimate the influence she exerted in moulding young Abraham's character. Her farewell message to her nine-year-old child was: "Be something, Abe." She planted within his consciousness, in the brief years that she was permitted to be his living-mother, a deep love for truth and justice. The consciousness of these virtues and the dying words ringing in young Abe's ears, "Be something, Abe," wrought mighty deeds in his career. He resolved at his first experience with the horribleness of slavery to strike it a deadly blow if he ever had the chance. From that day on, the spirit of justice dominated his life so determinedly that he became the emancipator of a race.

Paul was on his way to Damascus to do some persecuting work when he had an experience that turned him completely around from what he had set out to do: he stopped persecuting and learned

lessons of consideration; he caught a new spirit of reasonableness and compassion for others who were doing what they considered their duty. Startling experiences are happening daily to men, which cannot be explained; they no more need explanation than does the geometrical axiom, a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, need proof to demonstrate its truth. The mysterious something that influences man from within is as invisible and as essential to life as is the breath he breathes. It transcends the power of the intellect to comprehend. Man calls it "spiritual power."

A millimeter of radium, scarcely larger than the smallest pinhead, sealed in a glass tube and encased in a steel jacket, if held in the hands for a few minutes, will produce a burn which takes weeks to heal. The whole process is shrouded in mystery. The burning takes place through the transmission of energy in the form of waves, or something of the kind, from the metallic substance of radium over to the tissues of the body. The force is silent, invisible; little is known about it excepting some of the ways in which the mysterious force behaves; but it is possessed of the power to destroy human tissue.

Other forces are invisible, indestructible, and eternal. Some of these reside on the inside of man, and come to him from the domain of the unknown. It is this supply of force from the infinite which makes man more mysterious in his power to achieve than is the radio-activity of a small piece of metal.

Spiritual power resembles magnetism in that it

operates between a sensitized human body and other beings in a manner similar to that of the magnet attracting steel. Why or how it behaves thus, no one knows. The intellect acts upon the intellect through the spoken and written word, the smile, the gesture, the frown. Like the force of gravitation, it is almost endless in its reach. An invisible and omnipotent God has established and holds under His control spiritual forces by which He definitely influences and guides the human soul.

Hope, faith, love, ideals, are some of the silent forces that lift man above the level of the beast, and place him in communion with the great eternal. Spiritual energy operates in diversified ways: it strengthens one man for hardships, another for the pursuit of truth in the face of opposition and bigotry, and others for the world's great and difficult undertakings. It was spiritual power that led to the establishment of Park College, Martha Berry School, Hampton, and all humanitarian enterprises calculated to light the way and lift the burden from the shoulders of the depressed and weary.

It is spiritual communion between man and a great unseen God that has brought to pass all the noble achievements of man and his happiness. "As a man thinketh, so is he," and "The kingdom of heaven is within you," are two of the eternal laws of spiritual power. They are as reliable and as scientific as any of the well known and accepted principles of physics. Two atoms of hydrogen in union with one of oxygen form water. We do not know why these little mysterious somethings should

be friendly enough to come together to form anything. We know that they do this, and that we are enabled to refresh our bodies and live sanitary lives because these two friendly elements, united in a bond, produce one of the indispensable necessities of life.

Faith in a cause generates courage; this in turn, power; and this moves swiftly to action, a deed done. We may not know *why*. It is not nearly so important that we *know* the chemistry of the spiritual as it is that we *use* it. Spiritual power is a dynamic force that stands at the bidding of any rational man; it is at his disposal to be used for his own good and happiness. Take this spiritual power from man, and you have taken all: the dignity of his uprightness, the walking upon his two feet and the lifting of his head high above the ground, would lose all significance; man's power would become less than that of the beast in the jungle. It is this spiritual power which makes man captain of his soul and master of his world.

Some people foolishly deny themselves the use and the benefit of this great unseen spiritual force that stands awaiting their command. The declaration that there is no God takes away from man his spiritual opportunities. Materialism is making too large a claim upon the attention of all. It is not safe to trust to the physical eyes, that merely see, to pass upon the virtues of the unseen. Life itself has never been seen; neither has it been weighed or measured: it is only a breath, a spirit; one day it animates a body that lives; the next, it departs and

leaves the body lifeless. Life has the quality of the eternal; without it nothing great can be done; it works at its best when the intellect is united to a great purpose. It is the man with the invisible force and the abiding inspiration for a great cause who wins for life and for the world the greatest battles. Spiritual power, which comes in the quiet hours of prayer and meditation, is the most reliable of all the forces. It serves man by transforming him through the renewing of his mind, and the placing of him in harmony with the great forces from beyond. Spiritual power lifts the spirit, encourages the discouraged, and gives man that resolve and that will by which he achieves.

XXII

THE BEGINNING OF KNOWLEDGE

CURIOSITY is a keystone factor in the life of the individual—in all he thinks and does. It comes into existence with the dawn of intelligence in the mind of the child. The infant reaches for the moon; shouts with glee at the wriggling of its own unknown toes; wants everything it sees. Its mouth offers wide-open hospitality to all that the baby hand can steer mouthward—rattles, balls, dolls, toes, and fists. Curiosity is king of child life; it is the Pied Piper that tempts the child to climb to dizzy heights, hang over the well-curb for a look down into the deep, black hole where the water stays. Each child risks his life on many occasions in the effort *to find out* what he does not know. What he learns may have no value; but he has satisfied the urge to find out.

The words, "Curiosity is the beginning of all knowledge," are carved in large letters of stone over the entrance to the beautiful railroad station in Washington. No more fitting place could be found for the words: annually thousands of pilgrimages are made to the city to see the Capitol, the White House, Washington Monument, Mount Vernon, the Unknown Soldier's Grave,—the great points of human interest found in our nation's capi-

tal. There is no business to be transacted in these trips. Curiosity has declared a vacation, a holiday, so that she may reign supreme for a brief ingathering season of new sights and experiences.

Curiosity pries into the unknown. It knocks at the door of mystery for admission to what it does not understand. It gives explorers courage to risk property and life for a view from the unclimbed mountain peaks which defy human strength to ascend. It makes the scientist ready to sacrifice limb and life for new truth to relieve human suffering or prolong the life and happiness of humanity. Men like Marconi have given eyesight in pursuit of that knowledge which has given us the music wafted over the night air to our radios, which sing for us as we sit in comfort with our families at the end of the day's work. One great scientist has suffered seventy burns from radium, has lost eight fingers, has scarred and mutilated his body, in the great search for a cure for the dread disease, cancer. The Master said, "The truth shall set you free." The same all-wise Creator of the world decreed that curiosity should be the knight errant to discover and reveal the mysteries of the universe, to challenge the stronghold of the giant of mysteries.

Columbus followed curiosity's star over uncharted seas, in frail little vessels, in the hope of finding a new way of travel and proof for that *strange* conception—the roundness of the earth. He succeeded, and others followed in the sea-road of curiosity to found their homes in the new and strange land.

Every semblance of truth in science, government, business, education, and church, has come as the result of an effort to satisfy the divine-given inheritance of curiosity to know, to tame, and to use the unknown and the not-understood.

This gift, curiosity, may be abused or misused, as may any other personal possession of value. It is only the thing of value that may be so treated; that which is worthless cannot be mistreated or wasted.

This rare gift, a personal possession of each one of us, has taught us to speak through the air to friends across a continent; to converse over tiny copper wires with our neighbors; to fly with the birds of the air, and to swim under the seas with the monarchs of the depths.

What has God wrought through this marvelous gift of ours? The imagination does not have sufficient telescopic range to see it all. The microscope bewilders our amazement with the teeming life of the invisible world just beyond the reach of the human eye.

When we stand on yonder height and look out across the expanse of miles to other summits, over rivers, fields, and homes, the spell of mystery comes creeping into our soul and we think strange thoughts and feel closely akin to infinity—we almost feel the spell of eternity. Our aspirations are lifted, our motives become momentarily purified, and our good intentions turn to new and holy resolves.

Joshua, that stern warrior, knew how to use curi-

osity in dealing with men. Why did he command twelve men to carry each one stone from the river Jordan to dry land? Why should each man represent one of the twelve tribes? Conquest was the business of these men. How could, or why should they spend time and energy in carrying stones for a stone heap in Gilgal? What virtue could there be in carrying and heaping-up stones? Why twelve stones—no more, no less? What could they have to do, if anything, with a successful conquest? Was Joshua superstitious? did he believe in signs? would he have retreated if he had seen a new moon over his left shoulder? did he carry a rabbit-foot? Joshua was a leader of men. He knew how to hold men to him in loyalty. He had in mind a good reason for each tribe's carrying a stone from the river bed of Jordan for an altar in Gilgal. He was discriminating, for he specified that the stones to be taken must be the very ones the feet of the priest stood upon while standing at attention in crossing over the river. *Any* stone would not do; it was the special stone which contained the value. His people were as undisciplined as are children in self-control, in thinking, and in religious experiences.

Joshua had the responsibility of a super-man. He felt the need for great wisdom and for a program which would keep fresh in the minds of the people the divine promises, and which would sustain them in wavering hours of doubtful loyalty. Any and all things that would do this, were of value to the leader.

The most insignificant thing in intrinsic value

may be priceless when in the hands of a man with a great vision for service to God and his fellow man. A field of cloth with a few stars and stripes upon it is not valuable in the material itself. But how precious it becomes as the Flag—the very moment it symbolizes our national freedom, our love for liberty, and the sacrifice of human blood. Men by the thousands have given their lives for this flag of glory, and they will continue to do so down to the end of time, if we cherish and remain loyal to our ideals in both personal and national life.

Man needs something to keep fresh in his memory the blessing of the past—his precious heritage. Those who easily forget the dead, more easily forget their obligations to the living. Their forgetfulness takes the beaten roads of selfishness, greed, and sensuous appetites.

Joshua understood the necessity for keeping open the springs of gratitude and thankfulness, from which his followers had quenched their thirsty souls in the past. This he could not do with flags, for perhaps he had no mighty emblem; but he did have stones—by which he aimed to give a sense of time and place value—and he did have a knowledge of when, where, and how these stones might be used for his cause. He ordered them carried from the middle of the Jordan—not the ones easily picked up, but the ones upon which the priests had set their feet. They were to be carried to Gilgal and set up with appropriate ceremony, so that the curiosity of all generations should say in passing, “What mean these stones?”

The very question itself quickens the mind. It stirs the imagination. These words will open the doors to sacred history. No stones have better served their purpose; they connect the present with the victorious past; they are reassuring; they supply courage. What mean these stones? They make the multitudes, even the careless ones, ask their meaning. They open the gates of memory upon deeds of valor, unfailing confidence in the wisdom of God, in the sacredness of His promises, and in the hundred-percent value of the leadership of a man wholly consecrated to a great idea.

Our lives—your life and my life—if they have any abiding value, will make those who observe our deeds inquire about our source of supply of kindness, forgiveness, patience, and eternal faith in a living God of righteousness and justice.

What means the beautiful sacred happiness of the saintly, aged couple, weak with the infirmities of age and dark with the dim light of failing vision? The answer is easy: they have reared a noble family who have gone forth to establish happy homes like that of their childhood. Life has been righteous and kind to them. Others wish to know their secret of happiness. They have not lived in vain, for they have made those younger in years, as they pass, pause to ask the meaning of the sweet calmness of the aged.

The picture of a noble mother has reminded many wayward boys of their obligations for right conduct, when seductive temptations of alluring dissipation were pleading for hours.

Remembrancers have always served to save men from indiscreet acts which would burn deep scars into the conscience. The little pocket Bible given Grover Cleveland by his mother, when he was a child, was a beneficent influence all through his life, both in his personal and in his public affairs. His conduct, his judgment, might have been improved upon in many instances, but both would have been worse without his mother's gift. It was his mother's Bible that he kissed twice, when sworn in as President of the United States. It had a meaning for him that no other Bible could have. It was hallowed by a mother's love and fond hopes for a noble life for her son. What mean ye by these remembrances? More than tongue can tell.

What mean these splendid boys and girls of this year's class? They are to be graduated, of course. They mean more than anything so simple as that. The meaning is so precious that our hearts are filled with pride. We can scarcely keep back parental tears of joy. What means the presence here today of these young people? It means parents' hopes are being fulfilled; mothers' prayers are being answered; watchful hours of anxious waiting over little ones when life seemed hanging by a tiny thread, are being rewarded, because these little ones have lived and are today entering the realms of manhood or of womanhood—the Commencement of Life—a beautiful sight, here in the presence of parents and neighbors.

What mean these young lives of the class of 1926? They mean encouragement to their small

friends who have not traveled all the way through school. They speak of the value of endurance and patient waiting for the development of mind and will. They mean reward in satisfaction to parents for all they have been able to do. They mean hours of anxiety rewarded today by hopes fulfilled.

To the country these young lives mean intelligent citizenship, that will appreciate law and order, good schools, good churches, and Christian homes. They mean more economical and abundant production on our farms than we, their seniors, have been able to produce. They will use more intelligently the natural resources of field, air, forest, and streams, than their grandsires. They will think, save, and gather up the wasted fragments. Their days ought to be more profitable than ours. We have failed to do our part if we have not made better the conditions under which they will live their lives and do the work of life.

These young people mean to our national life, enlightenment; noble and patriotic ideals of reasonableness in all things; and the ultimate triumph of right by the might of the invisible force of knowledge and truth.

What mean these stones? They mean that Joshua and his chosen army had passed that way on their journey to the Promised Land; that they endured hardship and overcame the thought of turning back, and steadily marched on to victory. What means this group of young graduates? It means that others should do as they have done; that others can do as they have done, if they have

the health and the will. The meaning to the class itself is that it now knows that it *can do* when it tries. There is now confidence and new hope for other conquests. . . .

This occasion is a failure in your young lives, if it fails to give you a new vision of what you can and should do with your future. You have tried out your powers of mind and your capacity to work toward a distant goal. You must set out for other goals more distant. Your present success and achievement mean that you should strive for others. The past and the present urge you on.

You have been guided along the Road of Knowledge; and now, today, you are entering your Commencement to the Road of Life. You have been started through the Path of the Beginning of Wisdom. Whither are you going to let it lead you? The future, about which you are uncertain and curious, is absolutely yours to do with as you please. As it was with the ex-prisoner, who *made himself* the Count of Monte Cristo, so it is with you, the *world is yours*.

XXIII

WHAT MEAN THESE STONES?

IF you have ever motored through New England and observed, as you did so, the miles of stone fences and the huge, sombre, cone-shaped stone piles in the cultivated fields, and the close proximity of the large stones that cover the land where the stones have not been removed, you are prepared for a character study and a real understanding of the New Englander.

The sight of the beautiful homes and prosperous-looking barns standing back of these massive, endless rock fences, gives you a feeling of reverence and admiration for the occupants of the homes and for their material prosperity. The scene places one in a meditative state of mind. Suppose there had been no obtruding stones in the New England region; would or could there have been a Miles Standish, a Priscilla, a John Alden, an Eli Whitney, a Coolidge, or any others of their kind?

Every farm is equipped with a sand-stone to grind axes, sickles, knives, and other tools. The grindstone is an indispensable equipment to the farm and to the machinist. But, who ever thought of stones doing anything to the character of man? The early New Englander cleared the fields of trees and dug out the rocks to make way for fertile

fields; but while chopping and digging he put into himself and into his children hardness and temper of will that made him and his children's children the leading citizens of America in respect to business acumen and sturdy character.

The New Englander is as much a product of his rock-covered fields as the watch is a product of his factories. The spirit of endurance creeps into one's thinking as he rides along miles of well-built rock fences, cut into here and there by artistic gate entrances that open into roads leading to palatial country homes. If one rides on, a sudden turn in the road may bring one into full view of a beautiful village and the site of a factory that manufactures some familiar article used "back home," or, perhaps, a part of the apparel or adornment of the times.

These stones—large stones, granite stones—which are seen gathered everywhere into fences, houses, barns, and great stone heaps speak a silent history of the New England people from the time of the first settler down to the present. They speak the language of meditation, stern character, heroic struggle, and personal independence.

The cheap labor, low cost of living, mild winters, nearness of raw supplies, the great riches of the farms, and the unexcelled opportunities for manufacturing and producing textiles and food supplies for the market, which the South has, will never stagger the thrifty New Englander.

The New Englander has cleared too many acres of rocks for his fields ever to succumb to obstacles

that may stand in the way of his making a comfortable living and something to spare. His ingenuity and confidence will enable him to find a solution to the most baffling economic problem that may confront him.

The lessons I learned on this trip I shall never forget. There will always be a meaning in every pile of stones that I see—it matters not when nor where. I can now read the fourth chapter of the book of Joshua with an understanding and an appreciation that never was mine before. I know now the purpose in the mind of the leader of Israel when he commanded each tribe to take from the bed of the swollen river Jordan stones to be carried and made into a pile in Gilgal. There was no intrinsic value in these stones; they contained no gold nor valuable substance; they were ordinary stones upon which the leaders of Israel stood while the armies of Israel passed over the bed of the river into the possession of the Promised Land. There was a worth—not of stones, but of the people about whom they bore silent witness. These stones, deposited by the roadside, made the passer-by pause and ask, "What mean these stones?" They meant the safe passage of the Israelites over a flood-filled, defiant river Jordan. These stones, carried out of the stream and placed in a heap, tell to this day of Israel's crossing the Jordan and reaching the Promised Land. They let the children of all generations know of their fathers' struggle to reach their goal.

As I rode along the winding roads of New

England, along stretches of stone fences, through the valleys, over the hills, I found myself thinking of the sentence, "What mean these stones?" My regard for the fellow who does a man's job in life against overwhelming odds was greatly increased. The strength, the resistance, and the endurance of the New England granite have gone deep into the character of our splendid citizens.

XXIV

WATCH YOUR FRIENDS

WHAT would you think if some one should tell you that you had better watch your friends? Your first reaction to the suggestion would be resentment. Next, you would want to know what made the person make the remark. If you took the suggestion seriously you would look for his motive, you would make a study of his social position, reputation, character, and general good health. If you had not met personally the one who made such a remark, you would expect, upon meeting him, to be introduced to a dyspeptic or a grouchy individual, soured on life. If the individual should be a woman you would think that she perhaps had been disappointed in love, or if it were a man you would know that he had been jilted, or that he had married the wrong woman. If the family physician could not locate the ailment—indigestion, or insomnia—the psychoanalyst would evidently pronounce it an inferiority complex due to some personal disappointment. The fellow who would say such a thing would be expected to have something wrong with him somewhere.

But the fact is that the man who said, "Watch your friends," was himself a prosperous banker,

held in high esteem among his fellow townsmen, active in church work, a member of lodges and a number of civic bodies. He was in the best of health; life had gone well with him, and he had more than his share of wealth and friends. He was that kind of man for whom it is a pleasure to do a favor. The children loved him. It seems strange for a man of this description to be advising a young college friend to keep sharp eyes on his friends. His intention was good, we know; it is our purpose to learn why he gave this unusual advice.

It has been said that experience is what one gets when he is looking for something else. This was true of the business man who spoke to his young friend out of years of experience and observation. He knew the meaning of friendship in its fullest sense. He also knew the lurking dangers not seen by the young and inexperienced. He recalled long memories of friends who had turned to him for loans, those who were eager to amass great wealth quickly, those who had day dreams of successful speculation, others who knew that with a little more time or with an increased loan they could soon be on "Easy Street." These were friends who called upon the banker almost daily for help, which for the most part he could not grant. It was painful for him to say "No," and next to impossible to do so at times. There was always so much that he wanted to do for his friends because they were friends. Many times he had said to himself, "Oh, if he were not a friend how easy it would be to re-

fuse the request! " The banker's first duty was to protect the funds of the depositors, and then to make safe and profitable investments for the institution. These were plain duties. Friendship, as such, had no claims upon his business obligations; but this was not so recognized by over-zealous friends.

The man of years of experience had seen friends drag each other down to financial ruin. He had seen preachers dabble in real estate and recommend investments to their friends, who in turn lost their life savings by following blindly the advice of friendship. These people made their investments out of confidence in a friend and the good name of their pastor. They learned with sorrow the wisdom of the advice of the banker to the young man, " Watch your friends."

This business man was not thinking alone about business transactions and the making or losing of money when he was counseling with his young friend. He was recalling the days when he himself had been a student in college. Across the years he saw the halo of friendship. He did not minimize it a bit. He perhaps had the feeling that he would like to go back and live in its atmosphere again. He had tasted the joys of friendship of youth, he knew the power of the admired friend, but he also knew of the pitfalls of blind loyalty to abstract friendship. He knew how many students allow friends to set the style of their morals, low standards of passing marks in class, and their toleration of cheap companions. The man had in mind the

intelligent use of friends. It was to this end that he was speaking.

We seldom think how little our enemies influence us and how deeply indebted we are to them for negative lessons of what not to do. The drunkard wallowing in the filth of the street is a public advertisement against strong drink. We think so cautiously about our enemies that they save us from many mistakes. Our personal dangers, strange as it may seem, come from our friendships, from the very people to whom we look for our happiness. "Watch your friends" in the sense that the banker used the words is sensible advice. Our best friends do not mind our watching them and the poor ones need it. Watching friends is not an act of distrust; it may be the most helpful thing that one can do to self and friend. We look to friends for patterns, and should be interested enough in them to detect and help correct weaknesses. The banker was saying to the young man that it is one thing to take account of friends' ideas, and quite another to accept them blindly because of the ties of friendship.

XXV

WORK

IF we should hear of some one professing his love for work, some of us would think that somebody "queer." The way we look at things determines their use and value to us. A slight prejudice may throw an event out of its true perspective. The scenery does not look the same when one is standing on his head. The change is not in the trees and houses, but in the unusual way in which they are seen. The upside-down position of the body produces a confused impression of the appearance of familiar objects.

The most misunderstood fact of life is, perhaps, work. Most people, when the subject of work is mentioned, will tell you that their fondest hope is to earn and accumulate enough to be freed as soon as possible from the necessity to work. Young people often choose their business career with the thought in mind of escaping hard work and long hours. An uneducated farmer, when enrolling his daughter in a normal school, gave the following as his reason for wanting his daughter to become a teacher. He said that he and the girl's mother had had no education, and that they had worked and slaved hard all their lives, and that they did not want their daughter to have to work as hard as they

had. They wanted her to learn to teach school so that she could make a living "sitting down." The sit-down idea of a life career is popular in the minds of the ignorant and of the lazy. They have no understanding of the joy of simply doing a thing well.

There is an instinctive tendency in man to dodge drudgery; this is as it should be. But drudgery and work are in no way related except as man is limited in intelligence and capacity for creative workmanship. Work has snap, purpose, and thrill in it. In a degenerate form it becomes drudgery. Watch a chain-gang crew break stone, and you will see work in its lowest form. Creative work is a constant joy when done with maximum intelligence. When viewed from the right angle, it is anything but distasteful. Work is as indispensable to man's well being as is the imagination he uses in inventing new machinery. Without work, in its highest sense and purpose, man would fall from his position of supremacy to a state of degradation below that of the dumb animals. We respect the man who works: the more skilful the performance, the greater is our admiration.

I noticed one morning, when driving through town, a large group of people gathered in a side street by the side of a steel building which was being erected. The morning was cold. My first thought was that some one had been injured or killed. I turned aside and joined the crowd. The center of attraction was not an injured person, but two skilled workmen at work. One, with a pair of

tongs, was passing red-hot rivets from a forge to another standing on a beam on the third story. One tossed the red-hot bolts with the accuracy of a Walter Johnson, pitching ball in a world series, and the other caught them in a powder keg with the skill of a world series catcher. In this group of onlookers I saw bankers, merchants, farmers, doctors, women, children, beggars, and loafers. People were coming and going all day long, and were stopping to watch two men toss and catch red-hot rivets. These skilled workmen were never without an audience during the many days that they were employed working on the steel framework of the building. The rasping sound of the electric hammer and the smoke of the furnaces seemed to bother no one. A few skilled workmen were able to attract by their skill an endless procession of onlookers.

One vacation I made a visit back into the remote mountains where I had done mission work twenty years earlier. I drove into one town that had been the scene of many feuds and pistol duels. The main street of this shoestring town was almost blocked to traffic at a corner opposite the village bank. My thought was that a drunken brawl or a fight was going on. I started to turn aside, but my curiosity got the better of me. I left my car on a side street and cautiously worked my way into the crowd. I found this large assembly of hill folk and villagers, quiet and orderly and deeply interested in a man who was manipulating an electric drill in an excavation that was being made for a building.

We have all witnessed groups of people watching men do skilful work. A steam shovel will attract the attention and consume the time of people who like to see it plow its great hand into banks of earth, which it lifts so easily into waiting trucks. There is nothing so attractive as mechanical cleverness.

It is sound reasoning that reaches the conclusion that what we admire in others would be welcomed in ourselves. Work is a term of respect when used in its proper meaning. It does not make a man a slave. It offers him opportunities for creating expression of latent abilities. The only road to growth is by the way of intelligent work. The tiny seed must toil and spin its way from beneath the load of soil and clay to the sunlight above. It is the serious work of the college student that develops his power, his skill as a chemist, or as an engineer, his intelligence for business, and his possibilities for effective living. Work is a means to a worthy end. Man would stagnate without it. Work is the entrance door to achievement. Solomon spoke truly of the value of work when he said, "A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men."

XXVI

SO-AND-SO

WHY some people do so much better than others is a puzzle to all of us. I have asked this question about people that I have known; you have done the same in your list of acquaintances. Why did Abraham Lincoln, a poor man without influential friends, become president of the United States, rather than other men of his day who had far greater opportunities, whose friends were men of wealth, culture, and political influence? Why did Moses and not Aaron become the emancipator of a race? Why did Joseph rather than some young Egyptian fill a high position in the Egyptian court? Why is it that luck seems to break in favor of a chosen few? We are constantly meeting men who seemingly have outdone their chances. They have succeeded to the point where their success might be attributed to the hand of magic.

This is not a world of chance. We know it; yet at times we can scarcely believe it. Things don't happen in the chemical laboratory by accident. Human behavior is as subject to law as are the atoms and molecules in the physical world. There is always a reason for every chemical union and combination; there are no happy accidents. Law

and order reign in the lives of men. Sometimes it is extremely difficult to follow back to the original source of the beginning of an eventful life. Beginnings are always simple. Great rivers start in little springs. It is usually difficult to mark out the connection between the two ends of the continuous process of human development; but the *why* is in evidence if we will patiently look back far enough for its source.

I recall a vivid illustration of conduct which contains the philosophy of practically all of our acts. Mrs. Hayes, a country neighbor of my boyhood home, was busy with her sewing one afternoon, when she heard a scream from the near-by combination smokehouse and woodshed. She dropped her work and rushed to the scene of distress. She found her young son, Herbert, with a small steel trap attached to the end of a forefinger. She set him free, and, motherlike, wanted to know how it happened. Herbert, between sobs, said that Walter told him to do it. Brother Walter, older than Herbert, denied any intention of getting his little brother into trouble. He reluctantly confessed to his mother that he had told Herbert that if he were quick enough he could spring the trap with his finger and jerk it out without being caught. It was not the mashed finger that grieved little brother so much as his injured pride and his resentment against the big brother who had told him to do something in which he had failed and from which he had received temporary injury.

Is not this the way of life? So-and-so told us to

do this or that. If you should approach any man and say to him, "Why on earth did you do that?" it matters little what he has done, the ultimate answer will be the same. He will explain his act—because so-and-so said that he could or should do the thing, or that so-and-so said he would do the thing if he were the man. Sometimes he acts because of a banter—he is dared to do a thing. Then he feels in duty bound to show his courage. This is the youthful aspect of conduct.

We are subject to the influence of others; we can never be released from this. In fact, no one who thinks carefully would want to be. Most of our undertakings are begun because so-and-so said that we could or should do them: we leave off doing what we are attempting because so-and-so thought that it was not necessary, or that we did not happen to be the person who could do that particular job.

I know of a country boy who rose to heights of distinction. He is today holding a position of honor and trust. His boyhood friends were all as promising as this boy; three were much brighter, of good blood and great promise, yet not one has risen above the average. The only way by which his career can be accounted for is that the neighbors believed in his ability to make a great man of himself. When he was a child, a good old man and his wife in the neighborhood took a special interest in the boy. They were constantly saying to their neighbors that Charles would amount to something some day. The boy might get into mischief, as he

did; he even "played hookey" from school; but these dear old people never lost their faith in the boy. They looked ahead to the time when he would be a great man. Now, what they had in mind, no one knows, for they never expressed themselves in definite terms. They just knew that the boy would turn out "all right." They are dead and gone, but in their lifetime they created a general belief among the neighbors that the boy would come through successfully. Unconsciously he became aware of the good opinion of his dear old friends. He is what he is today largely because so-and-so placed trust in him. It is true of each of us that we are forced into many of the noblest things we do because there are back of us friends who have believed in us. They force us to reach out beyond ourselves. They stimulate our faith and courage.

If we have faith in a person we have power to help him. If we have not faith, we can do nothing better for that person than to leave him alone. We all do well because others believe in us. It is the confidence of the father and mother in the child that stimulates his ambition first to walk and then to achieve. It is the belief of the teacher in a student that strengthens him for successful scholarship. It is the esteem of others for us that drives us into doing our best. We are largely what we are because so-and-so expressed faith in us. So-and-so is a powerful person. His words may mean life and action or stagnation and defeat.

XXVII

TELL ME

YOU didn't tell me." Does this not sound like some people you know? Compound the first two words for a given name and the last two for a surname, and you have named a lot of folks. If the world ever gets to naming people by their personal traits of character, many people will be entitled to new names.

A contractor was employed to kalsomine a church. He put the work in charge of a foreman and some careless workmen, who failed to protect the new pulpit carpet. They were given canvas coverings for this purpose, but they failed to make use of them. When taken to task for bleaching and staining the carpet, they told the indignant church officials that they were very sorry. But before they got to this point of repentance, they ducked the responsibility by saying that the boss *never told them* to cover the pulpit. This is a real incident which is typical of many stupid things that are sometimes done. When the "tell me" attitude becomes chronic in any person, he is discarded and put out of the running for work that requires thought and carefulness.

I doubt if people are born so stupid. They get the habit of carelessness and dependence for lack

of proper training or because of example. They establish the wrong set of reactions to their work. A child in the primary school takes pride in sounding out new words without the aid of her teacher. She will say to the teacher, if she thinks she is going to give her unnecessary help, "Please don't tell me." If she can possibly pronounce the word or solve the problem in arithmetic without outside help, she is happy to do so. "Don't tell me, for I want to tell myself," is the best kind of learning. This is the spirit of the student; it is the spirit of the worth-while person in any of life's callings. The dog waits to be called and sent after the cows. We are not dogs; we do not need over-much telling.

People who say, when brought to task for their shortcomings, "You didn't tell me," publicly confess their laziness or stupidity. The spirit of the little child who does not want to be told until she has tried out her own strength, is the rational spirit of sensible people. Thousands of college freshmen are sent each year from school at the end of the first semester because of their failure in scholarship or conduct. They waste most of the first semester in school before realizing that they are expected to apply themselves and to master their lessons. They complain that their teachers *never told them*, that they had to study. They could have passed, it is true, if they had worked; but they didn't. Some go out from college halls discouraged; others, having learned the lesson of self-reliance, re-enter and make their mark in their classes without having some one back of them whis-

pering, "You must study." "You didn't tell me" is a line that separates human beings into two distinct classes. On one side are the masses, waiting to be told; on the other side are the few, who have the capacity for telling themselves what they should do. These are of the class from which society draws its leaders.

The helplessness of so many may be properly charged up against poor teaching in both homes and schools. I am repeating here a conversation which took place between a farmer and his fifteen-year-old son. The father was sitting on the front porch at the end of a day of harvesting, when he turned to his son and said, "John, have you fed the horses?" "No," answered the boy. "Well, go feed them. Give old Charlie twelve ears of corn and Betsey ten." The boy turned away for the barn, and in a short time returned. The father resumed the conversation by saying, "Did you feed the horses?" John drawled out, "Yes." "Did you give them hay?" was the next question. "No," said the boy. "Well, why didn't you?" was the father's query. The boy peevishly said, "Father, you didn't tell me to." This was a scene of stupidity that breeds more of its kind. The boy may get away from the parental "tell-me" roof in time to escape life membership in the unorganized fraternity of the "you didn't tell me" class. The boy represents a large section of young people who are, by environment, in training for a dumb-bell citizenship.

The habit of waiting to be told everything may

be an admirable quality in slaves; but slavery is an abnormal institution, not tolerated by intelligent people today. The negro was in slavery because it was forced upon him. His condition was little worse than the forms of self-imposed slavery, which men place upon themselves because of their unwillingness to think and to act independently and for themselves. The wide-awake clerk should know more than his little corner of the store. He may not be *told* that Brussels carpets are sold on the fifth floor; but the customer who asks will be pleased if he is able to answer. Every person should have his margin. It's the little that one knows or does beyond the required amount that sets him apart from his next-door neighbor. Books have margins for looks as well as for use. The marginal idea applied to people before books were invented. The book margin is on paper. The human margin is the capacity to accomplish much with the fewest possible instructions. "The message to Garcia" was delivered because the young man who carried it did not wait to be told *how* the message was to be carried. He was not a "tell me" pigmy; he was a man who did things.



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